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ISLAMISM: ITS CONQUESTS AND DEFEAT IN EUROPE.

The civilization of the ancient world, shaken, during two entire centuries, by the deluge of barbaric invasions, seemed divided, with uncertain preference, between Rome, Alexandria, and Constantinople. Great and noble capitals, equally proud of their past, and ambitious of their future. Constantinople, the least ancient, and yet the most powerful of the three, had served as a geographical link for the two others. She had united Europe and Asia—the East and the West. And it was in alluding to her unique and incomparable position, that the founder of the Ottoman race had so beautifully styled her *a diamond set between two emeralds and two saphphires*. Under another point of view, this glorious city of Constantine had happily sustained the world in its difficult passage from Roman polytheism to the holy religion of Christ. Rome, by chaining her destinies to the altar of FORTUNE and VICTORY, which had placed in her hands the empire of the world, would not have had, alone, the strength to renounce the worship of those divinities. And yet it was necessary that there should be a centre of action—a capital—for the new social principle proclaimed by the gospel. And it was then that Byzantium, on the Bosphorus of Thrace, supplanted the city of Romulus. But this was merely to allow Rome to die as the political head of the ancient, and to rise again, one day, as the religious head of the new world. Marvellous and providential transformation, to which the Byzantine emperors would have freely concurred, but which was effected without their knowledge, and independently of their co-operation. Whose authority they were obliged to recognize, at least during the crusades, in order to obtain the succor of which they stood in need, but which they disdained to the last moment, in order the more freely to quarrel among themselves whether the light on Thabor *was created or not:* and it was in the midst of these puerile disputes, that their funeral knell was sounded.

How did Constantinople, the eldest daughter of Christianity, thus wretchedly fail in her destined mission? Among many causes of this failure, the principal one, in our opinion, was her having carried back modern society to the ancient principles of poly-

theism—that is to say, to the intimate union of all power political and religious in her emperors. This union was entirely incompatible with the development of Christianity; and which it had, in the most formal manner, proscribed by distinguishing the representative of God from the representative of Cæsar, and by proclaiming, for the first time, in the world, the separation of the temporal and spiritual. This is the principle which the Christians of the primitive church had invoked against their persecutors, who had recourse to every cruel artifice to stifle Christianity in her birth.

But no sooner had she triumphed over her executioners, than this principle, without which she could not have sprung into day, much less have exercised her influence on the world, received but a passing application under Constantine: and after him, it was almost always disregarded by his successors; who, whether orthodox or Arian, armed themselves against their enemies with the sword of religion as well as that of the state, and thus became recreant to the very first duties of the new society founded by Christ.

Already had Italy seen the great Theodosius force these same emperors to respect liberty of conscience, and the Pope himself going in person to demand it of the Visegothic king. Rome, at length, so long a vassal of Constantinople, declared her temporal independence, by recognising in her pontiffs, *the defenders of the Roman Republic*, and shortly afterwards, restoring the Empire of the West in the person of Charlemagne. He established the distinction of the two powers, temporal and spiritual, and constituted society according to the true principles of Christian civilization.

Then were to be seen in the west, a pontiff and an Emperor—both, indeed, representatives of God; the one powerful in word and persuasion, the other armed with the sword of strength, always ready in the vindication of right.

In the eastern empire, on the contrary, a simple patriarch, the servile adulator of political power, surrendered to the master of Byzantium, the consciences of his subjects; at a time when the latter had all the means of oppressing them, in their persons and their fortunes: a revolting despotism, which seizing upon both body and soul, would have produced prodigious results, if it had been intelligent, and had acted upon an organization young, simple, and robust; but which, deprived of all these conditions of force and life, had nothing to expect from society, decrepit and voluptuous, but senseless pretensions, with resources as powerless as they were tyrannic to enforce them. Such were the two portions of the Roman world, converted to Christianity. The one, directed by Constantinople, for having continued the past too slavishly, found herself enchained by its habits, and could not restore its youth; the other, after having broken with it under the influence of barbarous invasions, which had, in some measure, decapitated her by the taking and retaking of Rome, preserved nothing of her ancient heritage of glory, but what was necessary to keep up the chain of her traditions, and what she judged useful to advance towards the conquest of the future.

It was under these circumstances that Mohammed sprang up in Arabia, armed, likewise, with the double sword of force and persuasion, but commanding a fresh and enthusiastic people in the face of generations enslaved and broken down by the theological, fiscal, and administrative despotism of Constantinople. The issue of the struggle was not doubtful; but the better to understand the subject, it will be proper to take a view of the political and religious state of the oriental empire.

The despotism of the Byzantine emperors, neutralized alike by the

intrigues of the palace, and the factions of the circus, had ended in throwing the capital into anarchy, by attempting to hold the empire itself in slavery. In 618, Heraclius, wearied with the troubles of Constantinople, evinced, however, for a moment, a spirit of generous indignation. He embarked with all his forces for Carthage, where he resolved to found the seat of a new empire ; but a tempest dissipated the scheme by scattering his fleet in presence even of the ancient rival of Rome. After which, numerous defeats from without brought on the entire disorganization within, and stripped the imperial majesty of all its charms.

Forced by necessity, or stimulated by their own ambition as much as by the impatient desire of whole populations to depend upon themselves, the governors of distant provinces assumed their independence, and seized on local sovereignty. As to the Decurii, they had always acted in this way in the cities over which they administered. So that, in the discredit into which the agents of the central authority had fallen, each was ready to receive any new master who would respect the rights of the municipalities, and the usurpation of the governors.

In religion, the despotism which it exercised did not fail to produce results not less fraught with anarchy. Christianity, in the east, was then divided into a thousand sects, which tore each other to pieces by their inexorable intolerance. Every trace of that charity, prescribed by the gospel, seemed to have been erased, and there appeared no hope of spreading the Word of God among the idolatrous tribes, the last, but innumerable ruins of the ancient pagan world. Hence, there was no more sympathetic intelligence for the Christian truth ; no more proselytism abroad ;—nothing but a proud and sterile application of the letter in the law which is all love.

Behold, to what a condition society was reduced in the east ! Deprived of true apostles, as well as of statesmen, a truly monstrous assemblage of religion and politics, in which the servility of courtiers raised the standard of official faith, and the infamous traditions of the Asiatic seraglios became mingled with the mysticism of theologians and casuists ; and cunning, violence, and corruption in their turn, disputing the power,—after having been the shame of the Byzantine empire, necessarily became its inevitable ruin.

It was in the presence of a society thus degraded by the old leaven of heresiarch-passions from which the Greek schism a little later was to spring, that Mahommed arrogated to himself the highest honour which could be given to man to possess among a barbarous people. This warrior-legislator, having founded, in effect, the national and religious unity of Arabia, succeeded in establishing concord in that ancient land of patriarchs and prophets, torn, until then, by family feuds, and the insatiable cupidity of a hundred wandering tribes, as different in origin, as in religion. It is thus that he united Christians, Jews, Idolators, all desirous of adventure, jealous of one another by fanaticism and interest, and whose society, as changeable as their tents, was organized in aristocratic republics, insatiable for vengeance and booty. These tribes formed so many commercial and warlike communities, in which each was judged by his peers, and all were commanded and administered by chiefs, one while hereditary, another, chosen for their bravery, like those German hordes of whom Tacitus speaks. Homogeneous enough in a social point of view, their diversities or religious antipathies, served as a rallying standard for their contrary interests, and kept up among them an eternal anarchy.

But the day on which the three

hundred and sixty-five idols of Caaba fell to the ground, thrown down by Mahommed to give place to the adoration of God ONE, CLEMENT and MERCIFUL, a new era dawned upon the wandering children of the desert, who, by their traditional genealogies, loved to trace back to Abraham, their common father, and the well beloved of Allah.

From that epoch, the analogy of manners and social organization which connected the different branches of the same race, reunited in one only religious family, the most part of its members: it formed but one trunk out of their thousand branches, and the fruit of union was guaranteed by the Koran, the pages of which, are borrowed both from the Old and New Testaments.

In this sense, Mahommedanism should be considered but a Christian sect; a fact, which, says the Count de Maistre, is incontestible, but not sufficiently well known.* Thus, Mahommed, the greatest of all heresiarchs, exercised among a barbarous people, and on the pagan tribes, the immense influence which that portion of Christianity gave which he appropriated to his code. He made them observe the law of abstinence, so necessary for health and morality in warm climates, and at the same time, filled their hearts with the hope of infinite bliss hereafter. He abolished the sacrifice of children, and meliorated the destiny of women, not in maintaining polygamy, but in restraining it; in securing a dowery to the wife in case of repudiation, and in conferring on sisters as well as on brothers, the right of inheriting. In fine, he abolished slavery among the Mussulmans, and alleviated it among infidels, propagating all his principles by the edge of the sword, precisely as Charlemagne propagated pure Christianity among the Saxons.

On the demise of Mahommed (A. D. 632), ten years after the Hegira, the flight from Mecca, the foundations of his work were laid. Arabia, subjugated and reunited in one national body, presented too limited a territory, to young, enthusiastic, skilful warriors, accustomed to hardships, and whose coursers, like that of Job, pawed the earth with impatience, when there were no more caravans to pillage. They rushed forth then,—and flew to the conquest of the earth. The throne of Persia, with the last of the twenty-five Sassanides, is carried off by the torrent, which swelled even to Caboul, (664). Syria, Egypt, the North of Africa, as far as the Fortunate Islands, are inundated with terrible rapidity (679). The sea, itself, becomes the prey of the invaders, and their vessels float on its billows with as much skill as their cavalry manœuvre amid the waves of sand. Behold, them, then, masters of the cedars of Libanus, and the sailors of Syria. The Islands of Cyprus, Crete, and Rhodes, are ravaged or conquered, and Constantinople, besieged twice by the fleets of the Caliphs of Damascus, witnesses a maritime and commercial revolution. The west is separated from the east, and the mere privation of the papyrus which had caused new manuscripts to be made, and which Alexandria sent in cargoes to the provinces of Europe, plunged the western monarchies into ignorance, and covered with darkness and barbarism, the 7th century.

As yet, the victories of Islamism had been gained only over the Greek empire. But what was the cause of their rapidity? And by what event, and by what occasion, did they cause themselves to be known? In 638, the sixteenth year of the Hegira, Jerusalem, the holy city of the Christians, and which the revelations of Moses as well as those of Jesus Christ,

* The same idea had been expressed by Leibnitz, and the minister Jurieu—likewise by Nicole.—Soirees de St. Petersbourg, XI. Entretien.

equally received by Mohammed, had rendered sacred to the Arabians, Jerusalem was compelled to embrace Islamism, or to acknowledge her subjugation by paying tribute. The Khalif Omar came himself to treat with the Patriarch, and granted him and the other inhabitants, the liberty of religious worship, the conservation of their laws, their property, and their churches. The conqueror came mounted upon a camel with a bag of dates for his nourishment—in the simplicity of a man of the desert. The conditions he imposed were as simple as his conduct. They were to pay a tributary tax, and no more. No change was made in the captured city; the inhabitants continued to follow their municipal administration, and the Roman laws. Such was the act of capitulation, which has served as a model to future similar transactions, by which the Mussulmanic chieftains afforded religious toleration and municipal liberty to a people who wished to preserve them by paying tribute. It is here that we find the secret of the rapid conquests of Islamism. They overturned political power, but respected the customs and manners of the conquered. They ran rapidly over the surface, but did not disturb the bottom of society, or affect any living and real interests. Thus did the conquered remain peaceful, happy in being able to preserve the free administration of their affairs through the favor of their new conquerors, who seem to have adopted the motto of the ancient Romans:

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

In a word, the subjugated Christians found a new guarantee for their liberties in the haughty indifference of their conquerors, who were too proud of their superiority to mingle in the affairs of their captives; and these, retaining the advantage of administering their own affairs, compensated themselves by a real gain for the loss of their political independence, and national honor in which they had accustomed themselves, long since, no longer to recognize the majesty of the Roman people. As for the primitive races, which western civilization could not entirely transform, the conquest was for them nothing more than a new social stratum laid over the old. Asia, Africa, and all the East had known no other: and this explains why the people of those ancient continents, passed so easily from one denomination to another. The warlike and religious movement of the VIIth century, by recalling them to their indigenous independence, restored, in great measure, their primitive manners. The Greek and Roman costume of civilization disappeared, and gave place to a physiognomy entirely oriental.

We recognise still the policy proper to the East in their Arabic invaders, so fortunate in founding rapid and distant dominations. To respect the manners of the conquered, to separate their cause from that of their masters, and to hurl down these as the oppressors of their subjects, such was the conduct of the first Kalifs, and afterwards, that of the truly religious chiefs of Islamism. The simple and loyal conduct of which Omar gave an example to his successors, in treating with the patriarch of Jerusalem, kept afar from the Low-Empire the thought of making common cause with the corrupt and restless power of Constantinople. Thus the greater part of the Christian sects, like the Copts of Egypt, impatient of the yoke of the Greek Clergy, and little awed by the imperial majesty, did not fear to appeal to their enemies, who promised them, for a tribute, toleration in religion, and freedom in their municipal rights. Thus did the Arabs establish themselves in their new possessions, where they contented themselves with a sim-

ple political command, instead of the direct sovereignty which the Byzantine Emperors had always endeavored to introduce by vexatious measures in the provincial and local administration. But, after having been thus well rewarded by the vanquished, it became necessary to consolidate their power among them. By the establishment of military colonies, they created permanent centres of influence which secured their future domination. Towards the year 645 the general of Osman, the third Kaliph of Islamism, Ogba-ben-Ouwamir, having started from Mecca at the head of eighty thousand warriors, penetrated into western Africa, near the deserts of Barqua, triumphed over the patrician Gregory in the province of Carthage, and, in honor of that victory, founded Kairwan, the holy city and the first colony of Arabs in Magreb. The Greeks, abandoning the interior of Africa, confined themselves to the western shore, from which they were, at a late period, driven by force. As for Ogba, he cemented his new alliance with the nations, by the marriage of his principal officers with the daughters of the chiefs whose countries he had submitted. And it was by this new policy, that the propagators of Islamism immediately realized the pacific approach of the conquerors and conquered, and afterwards the progressive fusion of their races and their institutions.

Mahommed, however, had ordained that Ismalism should be propagated by the sword, and this the Koran, every where, proclaims. But the Arabs alone, the first chosen of Allah, were either to embrace the new religion, or lose their lives. For the descendants of Ismael, the eldest sons of Islamism, had more rigorous duties to fulfill than other men. None of them could, under pain of death, hesitate before a national belief, which, mounted up by a chain of prophets, to Adam, created by God, first pontiff of the true faith (Iman) and charged by him with the seal of prophecy.

It is thus that Mahommed announced himself as coming to realize the primitive Islamism, gave to his apostleship the sanction of antiquity, and the consecration of time, and adopted all the traditions, Christian and Mosaic, styling himself the *Paraclete*, the third revealer, sent, not to destroy, but to accomplish, the faith of Jesus, as Jesus had accomplished that of Moses. The Arabic race had accepted the Koran as the last and supreme revelation, the completion of the two first and reorganized on a scheme of a new religious unity, it contained in its faith, profoundly Unitarian, an inconceivable principle of proselytism. Believing itself to be the only legitimate heir of all the past, it had the ardent conviction that it was called to govern all the future; and whilst the skilful policy of the caliphs towards the conquered, smoothed down the material obstacles to their conquests, the missionaries; armed with Islamism, made over innumerable proselytes by their intense zeal for the converts, never discussing matters of conviction, but purchasing it by the charm of rewards and honors, and contenting themselves with an exterior confession of faith. It is true they shewed themselves inexorable towards apostates, whom they doomed in the other life, to the seventh hell. Thus the dereliction of their religion was rendered as perilous as the profession of it had been inviting; and thus did they retain their doubtful and vacillating proselytes by the double motive of fear and ambition. Such were the principal causes of the success of Islamism, among which, we must not forget the good faith of the first caliphs, and the fidelity of their engagements in the face of the cunning and perfidious policy of the emperors of Byzantium, too often

the unworthy representatives of Christianity.

God permitted that the most sincere and just cause should triumph : and the greater part of justice, also, as the most solemn convictions were found among the Mussulman's, whose belief, as we have seen, was borrowed from the Christian truths, which they pretended not to do away, but to complete.

We must, however, carefully distinguish between the propagation of Islamism by the Arabs, and that which was effected, at a later period, by the Turkmans and Osmanlis ; for these latter were barbarians from the deserts of Scythia, who knew no means of proselytism but the scimitar, and proved themselves the destroyers of all civilization, which the former, by their contact with the Greeks and Romans, had shown themselves jealous to preserve and even to restore. Thus, under the Caliph Omar, they gave to Egypt the wonderful advantages of her position, by re-opening the canal of the Isthmus of Suez, which had been choked up with sand, for many centuries, on account of the neglect of the emperors of Rome and Byzantium, and thus renewed all the commercial relations between Europe and India.

This real superiority over the society of the Low empire, and, on the other side, all the elements of victory and conquest, reunited in the hands of the vicars of Mahommed, extended Islamism, in less than a century, from the Indus to the pillars of Hercules. The following age opens with the equally rapid conquest of Spain, and although it was never fully consummated, the Arabs made of it a new theatre of proselytism. While the barbaric tribes of Africa often left on that soil the vestiges of barbarism, they distinguished themselves in the peninsula, as every where else, by their mode of invasion and form of government, leaving to the vanquished their municipal liberties, and requiring merely the necessary tribute. Thus recognized by all the conquered countries, they fly to new conquests, pass the Pyrenees, take possession of Septimania as a dependency on the Visigothic kingdom, and push their way even into Gaul, when they were arrested by Charles Martel, on the plains of Poitiers.

The Visigoths tolerated them for half a century, without doing any thing to expel them, or even appealing to the only chief who could liberate them, the glorious king of the Franks. They resisted his son Pepin, likewise, and even after driving away the Saracens, they submitted to Pepin merely on condition that their national laws should be preserved. Thus did the Carlovingian Franks, and the Arabs of Mahommed, the barbarians of the north, and the barbarians of the south, meet under the walls of Narbonne, with an equal respect for their sympathies of race, and local interests, both on the same level of civilization, in a moral and political point of view. This will explain how they understood, at this epoch, notwithstanding their opposition in point of religion, there was so good an understanding among them, and why, after the conquest of the western empire, the Franks of Germany produced by their mixture with Roman society, the fiefs of the middle age ; and the Arabs, and, after them, the Turks, and all the invaders of the eastern provinces respected, or originated, similar institutions. The analogy of these political results is so evident under so many points, that it is impossible to understand the character of one without the other. It is through a neglect of this comparison, of the contact and difference of those nations with medieval Europe, that the history of the east is rendered unintelligible. Hence, so many ridiculous stories palmed upon our credulity. But we now have it in our power to understand the histo-

ry of the east, by comparing its relations with Europe, and thus can we apply the lessons of experience to her corresponding relations with the Mussulmanic race.

Let us content ourselves with specifying another point of view, not less essential, and equally novel it is, that from the contest of the Franks and Arabs for the conquest of the world for their religion, the first crusades date their origin. And as Charlemagne was the mighty representative of the heroic race of the north against the barbarians of the south, it is to Charlemagne we must trace the holy wars of civilization. It is to this great monarch, the founder of the independence of the holy see, and the restorer of the western empire, that we are indebted for the regenerating characteristics of Christian society, springing up from its ruins, by the alliance of the Franks with the papacy, in the presence of the Mussulmanic society crowned with the victories of two centuries, but destined to decay in its turn, before its triumphant rival.

In effect, by the independence of the Roman church and her pontiffs, Charlemagne realized in the general policy of Christendom, the distinction between the temporal and spiritual power, which, heretofore, had remained in a condition of mere theory, or local application. There was then, in society, two jurisdictions, one ecclesiastic and the other secular, opposing, by virtue of the Christian right, an irrefragable barrier to the return of the ancient imperial system and to the absolute sovereignty of the Cæsars, who were then the shame and decrepitude of the Byzantine emperors. This distinctive character of Christian civilization, increased and developed itself under the shadow of the new empire of the west. On the other side, this empire, renewed by the young race of the Franks, which having just engrafted on its trunk the robust stock of the north, spread its branches over all that the Mussulmans called the *great earth*, that is to say, over the territory of the Christian nations of the Latin church, whom they distinguished from the Greeks whom they called *Roumi*, as the heirs of the ancient empire of Rome transferred to Constantinople. It was in opposition to the name of these latter, that, at the restoration of the western empire, by Charlemagne, all the Christians of the Latin rite were styled *Francs* by the writers of Islamism, and it is thus that the name of *Francs* was perpetuated in the east as the significant appellative of the Latins—not from the crusades of the XIth century, but from the reign of Charlemagne.

Moreover, the civilizing wars of Charlemagne evinced their religious character in the north as well as in the south. We are acquainted with the conversion of the Saxons after thirty years of bloody struggle. Favored by the social condition of the German people, Christian civilization propagated itself rapidly in the northern regions, at first by the force of arms, afterwards by the missionaries of the Franks. Denmark, and the peninsula of Scandinavia, received the gospel, and with it the seeds of the crusades, which afterwards excited so great a commotion in the XIth century.

The Teutonic knights armed themselves against the pagans of the north, while those of St. James of Compostella, Alcantara, and Calatrava, fought for the freedom of Spain. The continental crusades which placed on all the thrones of Europe princes of the French dynasty, shone with unrivalled splendor in the eyes of the Mussulmans, eclipsed anew every other name, and became synonymous with European, as in the days of Charlemagne by the foundation of the empire of the west. This foundation of the holy Roman empire, based on the independence of the holy see, gave to the Christian society all its guaranties of

superiority over that of the Mussulmans. For this reason it is, that the history of the crusades should take its origin from Charlemagne and the great pontiffs who confided to him the mighty interests of Christian civilization.

LA MORTE DI VIRGILIO.

Ode Saffica.

DAL REV. S. SANTELLI.*

1

O Gorgone crudel che dalle grotte
D'Averno uscisti, e il cuore d'adamanto,
Porti alla terra afflitta eterna notte,
E interminabil pianto—

2

Perche stendesti il ferro alto-spietato
Il canape a troncar di tanta vita?
O ministro crudel del ferreo fato!
O sfinge angui-crinita!

3

Piangono intanto i boschi e le foreste,
Piu non gorgolia inmezzo ai sassi il fonte;
Sono le greggie addolorate e meste
Alla capanna e al monte.

4

Di cantici non piu risnono l'etro,
Cui par che ingombri un fosco velo eterno;
E nel duolo comun tace ogni cedro,
Sol lutto intorno io scerno.

5

Tronche son de Pastor le amiche gare,
Rotto ogni plettro tolto ogni concerto
Ond erano le Selve a noi piu care
D'ogni Umano contento.

6

Non piu la Ninfa al rio si terge il piede,
Non la Canzone della sera scioglie
Guando del Campo affaticata riede
Alle materne soglie.

* Written for the Catholic Expositor.

7

Tace il canoro Augello, intento prio
A sfogare il suo canto, e si nasconde,
Percosso anch'ei di pena còsi ria,
Fra le gremite fronde.

8

Cerca il Mentore suo fra Campi e Greggi,
Era le viti, fra l'api il Contatino,
Il cerca invan: non piu colle sue leggi
Il guida in suo Cammino.

9

L'Eroe anch'esso il cerca immezzo all'armi
Avido di lasciar nome immortale,
Se non eternan le sue glorie i carmi
Il suo pugnar che vale?

10

Onde perdono, se giunto alla tomba
D'Achille, il Domator dell Asia disse:
"I'invidio che tant' alto avesti trombo,
E chi alto di te scrisse!"

11

De' Secoli pero nell'urto attroce
Leggeranno i Nipoti eterno il grido
D'Enea pietoso, e d'Achille feroce
Del mondo in ogni lido.

12

Forse Scipio d'ugual gloria pur vago,
Meraviglio dell'Orbe, Onor di Roma,
Selama: che val se l'emulo Cartago
Resi invilita e doma.

13

Quando Conora Cetra non tramandi
Ai Posteri remoti il mio gran nome
Solo pei Vati anche gli Eroi piu grandi
Cingon d'Allor le chiome.

14

Pur che sperasti o morte? Il nome augusto
Rapir di lui che sta ad ogni altro in cima?
Vive in cor nostro sculto piu che in busto;
E fia che forza prima.

15

Oscuri il sole, e sul terreno asciutto
Guizzino i pesci, che dal petto nostro
Cada la sua memoria, e sia distrutto
L'onor di tanto inchiostro!

16

E gigli e rose ed Amaranti e viole
Si spargeranno intorno alla sua tomba ;
Che ben l'onore e la memoria il vuole
Dell' Epica sua tromba.

17

Delle muse nemico, o tu che rechi
Tutto te nell' Avello, ah'vieni e osserva
Come l'Oblio, maligni gli occhi e biechi,
Colla fronte proterva.

18

S'agita, si contorce, il dito morde
Che transportar col suo poter non puote
Nell'onde sue, ad ogni priego sorde,
Le sue canore note.

19

Fin dove nasce il Sole, e dove muore,
Della crudel livida invidia a scorno,
Quelle immortal sue note canore
Risuoneranno intorno.

20

Cesare e Grande in guerra, e Scipio e chiaro,
Pompeo famoso, e Annibale con Esso,
E quel di Marte fin figlio preclaro
Ch' alto anoro se stesso.

21

Ma questi empir di Sangue e straggi ingenti
La terra e i fiumi, e fur di largo pianto
Fonte crudel : Portin per l'aria i venti
Si ruinoso Vanto !

22

Ma di Manto il Cantor larga ne schiude
Strada di Gloria in l'Opre sue Suqlimi,
Oh ! quanto e bella in pace la virtude.
Quanto i suoi frutti opimi !

23

Ei fra la tomba ancor vive immortale,
A Palla armipossente ancor diletto ;
Per lui stende la fama intorno l'ale,
Ei vive in ogni petto.

THE DEATH OF VIRGIL.

[TRANSLATION.]

1
O cruel Gorgon! coming forth
From hell, in which thou hadst thy birth,
To fill with gloom and grief the earth,
And endless mourning spread:

2
Why aim thy unrelenting dart,
Why sink it deep in such a heart?
Dread minister of Fate thou art,
Sphynx of the serpent-head.

3
The forests and the groves deplore—
The rock-fringed fountain purls no more—
Sad are the flocks that straggle o'er
The mountain and the mead.

4
The songs that swelled are silent all,
O'er nature hangs a dreary pall,
And silent stand the cedars tall—
And gloom around them lowers:

5
No rustic music charms the ear,
The shepherd's lute is hushed—and there
Is heard no strain that rendered dear
The forest's lonely bowers.

6
The Nymph no longer at the rill
Bathes her young feet—the song is still
Which gladdened once her cottage-sill
At evening's peaceful hours.

7
The bird's delicious roundelay
That once was heard, hath died away;
And solitary, all the day,
He seems to sit and moan.

8

Among the flocks and o'er the plain
His Mentor seeks the wandering swain,
But every where he seeks in vain
His guardian,—there is none!

9

The Hero on the field of fame
Ambitioning a deathless name,
Prays him War's exploits to proclaim,—
Best glory and reward.

10

When Asia's Conqueror stood beside
Achilles' tomb, 'tis said he cried:
"I envy thee thy two-fold pride—
Thy doings and thy bard:"

11

In sooth, through each succeeding year,
Shall generations, every where,
Wondering of good Ænæas hear,
And of Achilles bold.

12

And well might Scipio, glorious name,
The boast of ancient Rome, exclaim:
"What will avail my transient fame,
When Carthage's fate is told,

13

If no immortal Poet breathe
His inspiration o'er my wreath;—
For Bards can snatch from fatal death
The Hero's deeds, alone!"

14

What didst thou hope for, cruel fate?
To crush that name august and great?—
No; in our hearts it stands elate
More lasting than in stone.

15

And sooner shall the sun decay:
And sooner shall the ocean-spray
Dash on the beach its fish away,
Than he shall be forgot.

16
Lilies and violets shall be spread,
And amarynths and roses shed
Around the tomb-stone of the dead,
Renowned and sacred spot!

17
Oblivion sad—the muse's foe—
Would fain o'er all his greatness throw
A dark, malignant mantle;—lo!
How, with distorted front,

18
He writhes and struggles to consign
To Lethe's waters the divine
And deathless verse—but no, the shrine
Endures with glory on't.

19
From morning realms to sun-set climes
Shall sound his everlasting rhymes,
Living through all succeeding times
In livid Envy's spite.

20
Cæsar is great in deeds of war,
Pompey and Scipio claim their car,
And Hannibal is famed afar
For triumph in the fight.

21
But what, in truth, was their renown?
The Earth in seas of blood to drown,
And steep in Nations' tears their crown;—
This was their sad bequest!

22
By other paths, far more sublime,
The Mantuan Poet dares to climb
To Glory's heights—Virtue in time
Of peace, is loveliest.

23
Immortal o'er the common doom,
To Pallas dear he still shall bloom:—
Fame spreads her wings around his tomb;
He lives in every breast.

PHIL. RILEY OR THE CONVICT.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Having admitted him, she latched and carefully locked the door, and led the travel-tired old man to a seat; then, in a tone of agony which would touch a less sympathetic heart than his, she rather supplicated than asked: "Oh! Barney, what shall I do? what shall I do, and what *is* to become of me?—Oh! what a troubled heart is mine this blessed night; sure he was our all, and the whole world to our hearts and home, and now, torn away from his house and home, and from his children for ever, what are we to do at all? His poor old heart will break without the comfort of a word from his own, and my mother scarcely cold in her deep grave!"

At these words, the poor creature's agonized heart denied her any farther relief in words, and she burst into tears which trickled down her fair but pallid cheeks, in hot and fast succession.

"Heaven comfort you, *agrah*, and send you relief, and Mary, 'tis the Lord, blessed be his holy name, that sent me over here to you, this night and put it into my mind. But can't you listen to me; sure, while you're sobbing and *ullah-goning* that way, I can't say a word. Be silent a minute, those tears and sobs won't be half the comfort to you that what I have to tell you will.—There, that's right!—And now, put out that light,—who knows but the wicked, that caused all this sorrow, are about the house somewhere,—and 'tis but too likely, for they're not satisfied yet. Sure if they caught me here, the highest gallows in all Cork would'nt be bad enough for me."

Mary Riley adopted the suggested precaution, and they sat in darkness, the fire having long since smouldered away to its last spark.

"Well, now, Mary, just listen to me, and you know I never wished you worse off than the best lady in the land, did I, a cushlee?"

Mary replied negatively.

"No! nor did I come here now to wish you worse than I did before; and now, to begin." Here the old man described accurately and vividly, the whole of the scene which has been described as it occurred at the public house or carman's stage—how he had been sent to bed, and how he overheard, through the chinks in the wainscot, so much of the peeler's conversation as convinced him that her father was to be made the victim of a foul plot—and that nothing but the interposition of Providence could save him from it, in times like these, when a look was treason, and a word was open rebellion. "And now you must go to-morrow morning.——The Lord between us and all harm, child, did you see that flash of lightning?"

"No, Barney, I did not—my eyes were shut with the pain of them salt tears, and my head was down in my lap."

"Well, I'm glad of it—for it frightened myself almost, 'twas so sudden and fierce-like. God help us, what a little thing frightens the poor and the comfortless."

"And you may also say, the defenceless," added Mary.

"You're right, child, you're right, but where is that I was—yes—I know now. Well, as I was saying about this plot, we might get over it yet, with the Lord's help; there's but one thing in the way, and if your father is to be saved that must be removed!"

"Oh! Barney, I'd do any thing—even that—yes, even that, though I hate the thoughts of it. I'd marry him to-morrow to get my poor father back to these walls; but you know that it can't be done without *his* leave, Barney, and that he'll never give; for, as he said, the man that would turn informer and forsake his religion, would make but a bad husband. But *I* don't care about that, for I could bear his bad usage or die willingly to save my own good, innocent and darling father; and then, Barney, may be, God would turn his heart and make a penitent man of him."

The old man remained silent for some time.

"What's the matter with you?" said Mary.

"Nothing, child. I was only thinking how to manage this bad—bad business. I was asking myself if 'twould be right, being as it is for your own father you'd be doing it, for you to marry the sergeant, and leave me go and break it to your father after it was done."

"That would be but breaking his heart, and then trampling upon it before the life would leave him. Oh, no, Barney! I'd deserve his curse for my ingratitude for all the black troubles, and sorrows, and cares he suffered for my sake; and I'd be only breaking down every bright hope he placed in me, and which I know is his greatest consolation in the dreary dungeon! But if we got his leave sure I wouldn't care; and my suffering would be but short, for my heart couldn't live where my love wouldn't be, and I could join my mother, with the comfort that I did it all for my father's sake, and sacrificed myself for him; and, after all, 'twould be only what her love and his deserved, a thousand times; and then, Barney, then, the grave would cover up in its silent place, all the miseries of poor Mary Riley; and the village girls would shed a tear for me, and the good and the virtuous would pray to heaven's merciful throne of grace for me, and I know God would take me for the sake of such——. And then, Barney—"

"But," said he, "don't be indulging in this strain; take some courage."

"And then," resumed she, as though she had not been interrupted, "and then, how beautifully the grass and the wild, golden butter-cups, and the beautiful white daisies—will they not spangle the green covering, and—oh!" she abruptly ejaculated, "my poor brain is on fire!"

"What's the matter? Your'e raving, child—you're raving," said Barney.

"There was a song," said the now evidently insane girl, "which my mother used to sing for me, about two young people that loved each other, but the dark fortune came between them—"

"Oh! do settle your weak mind, and lie down, Mary, and sleep, and we'll talk about that song when you awake."

"I don't want sleep—what do I want of sleep? My mother used to sing me to sleep with that song and—but listen, old man—no, Barney! yes, 'tis, Barney!—we'll listen."

Deeming it advisable to humor her in this ruling passion, he sighed a heavy and sorrowful willingness, and she chanted an Irish ditty, which ran pretty much in this strain:

The rose that blooms on Donagh's cheek
  Might deck a bridal hall;
But, ah! 'tis like the hectic streak
  Of Autumn evening's fall;
And vain as tinsel children seek
  Beneath the funeral pall.

And lovely is the flowing Bride*
As river bright can be;
But who can trace its silver tide
When wedded to the Lee?
And who can tell where *both* abide
In the multitudinous sea?

And when fair Oonagh danc'd along,
As brightly as the bride,
And a soldier came—
* * * * * *

"'Tis she—'tis she! oh, my mother, save me—save me—and bring *him*, too, back! Look! there he is! there he is! with the blood clotted in his wild white hair, that I used to settle down his shoulders, as bright and soft as the silky floss of my lady's walking cloak. Oh! oh! save him, too—save my poor old father—unloose him—do!—do, for her sake—for *my* broken heart's sake—save him!"

Barney had, uninfluenced by any consideration of risk, proceeded to relight the candle; and, placing it where its reflection would be least observed, now turned to assist the poor maniac girl, who lay stretched on the floor insensible and swooning.

Disturbed from their sleep by the wild exclamations of Mary, her little brothers had hurried from their bed, and seeing the apparently lifeless form of their sister, and the impotent endeavors of the old man, whose face they could not recognize, as he stooped over the body, they screamed in alarm, adding to the perplexity of his mind and the difficulty of the attendant circumstances.

He instantly laid down the scarcely breathing creature, and turning his face in the direction of the light, satisfied the children that whatever was the cause of this strange and disastrous scene, an old friend of their father was one of the actors. This pacified the children, who now began to weep beside the pale form of their sister, nor could the old man refrain from mingling with theirs, his own gushing tribute from a heart of friendly sorrow, and the keenest sympathy for the deep afflictions of this innocent and helpless family.

After some moments had elapsed, Mary exhibited symptoms of recovery, and was placed by the united aid of Barney and the children, on the bed, where she slowly and quietly fell into a gentle sleep.

As it is not within the object of this periodical, nor yet within the writer's intention to give elaborate details of the romantic Quixotics which are but the frivolous waste of time better applied, and attention more profitably directed, a minute's glance at the present misfortunes of the Riley family, will be sufficient to enlist the sympathy of the reader. An innocent and aged man imprisoned and in chains, writhing in sufferings to which those of the body were pleasant sensations—the harrowing fear that the foul and desecrating hand of the violator held, even now, in its iron grasp, the pure, the stainless, the beloved daughter of his heart—whom, through every captivating attraction of the progressive stages of life, from infancy to incipient womanhood, he had watched and cherished with feelings of the intensest love, and whose virtue had now become an integral part of his very existence. Let us next turn from that dreary prison with all its accompanying horrors, to the little less afflicting scene, where Mary Riley lay stretched on her comfortless bed, visited only by brief intermittent gleams of painful reason, just sufficient to afford her horrifying glances of her desolation and the dread despair of her condition—living and breathing in the world, but scarcely of it—wrecked in intellect, and all hope blotted out from her heart by the strong sensitiveness of her over-wrought nature: feeling all the agony without one of the consolations of life—and then those two little brothers, creatures scarcely old enough to feel, even for a moment, the the present consequences of causes which they could not comprehend—

* A River.

more desolate than the *really* fatherless and, as it was, doubly motherless by Mary's unhappy state of mental alienation.

To this domestic wretchedness and affliction, the state of society, distracted in all its relations, contributed but too materially. The neighbor, who, in other times, could, without fear of violating the law, console them in countless instances of friendly endearment, dared not now to be seen beyond the threshold of their own dwellings after sunset, and the intermediate waking hours were scarcely enough for those peasants—hours on which their daily bread depended.

On the other hand, a ruffian, whom countless vices alone qualified for the rank of sergeant in the vilest police corps ever embodied, rendered desperate and demoniac by his failure to obtain in wedlock the hand of a fair and innocent girl—a dutiful daughter and Christian maiden—a villain, uninfluenced by either the fear of God or the love of country, seeks vengeance for his disappointment in the final ruin of her, whom, had his motives been honorable, he would have respected, if not still more ardently loved. Thus two victims are already immolated to his unholy passion—the uncompromising father is doomed to eternal separation from even the grave of his beloved, and the daughter is delirious—happier—far happier lot!

Adjoining the western section of the market, held at that time, and probably still, at the head of Barrack-street, in the city of Cork, stands the Old Barrack, where a number of those sentenced to transportation, as insurgents, were confined to await in a convenient place for embarkation, the execution of their sentence. Among them was Philip Riley. One afternoon, when the prisoners had increased to a more than ordinary number, in consequence of the non-arrival of the expected transport ships, the city was suddenly thrown into feverish excitement by the report that the convicts had "*broken out*," and risen on the sentinels, and that the work of blood between them and the few soldiers who held garrison within the walls of the Barrack prison, or convict depot, as it was called, was fearful; neither party, in the sudden confusion and excitement being able to force a passage through the gateway into the open market space. The consequence was, that the civil authorities and military instantly repaired to the scene of convict revolt, and eventually succeeded in replacing the prisoners in stronger bondage. Many were conveyed to the common jail as murderers or accessaries, who subsequently died in their native soil—on a gallows certainly, but still, as they rejoicingly said, "in their native land." Others were shot down, in their attempt, by the sentinels, who, from the walls, commanded the Barrack area, which was the scene of the convict's *sortie*. Here the dead and dying, lay in ghastly groups—a bleeding illustration of the mild and parental laws of England—a hideous contrast between her practice and principle, but not the less characteristic of her depravity in both. After the expiration of about two months, such of the wounded prisoners (Riley among them), as were sufficiently convalescent, and whose transportation for life beyond the seas, was deemed sufficient to answer the ends of justice, and the objects of government, were removed from their respective lazarettos and placed again in ironed imprisonment. The vessels commissioned for their exile were in readiness, and a few more days would see them separated for ever from the scene of their sufferings and their political crimes.

To but very few, was permitted the melancholy pleasure of a last farewell with their relatives; perhaps the better—certainly, the more politic course. The interest, to which allusion has

been already made, might have procured this favor for poor Riley, but the situation of his daughter would scarcely justify the consequences likely to result from so afflicting an interview, and it was therefore peremptorily interdicted.

The sails of the convict ship were spread to the propitious breeze; and, weighed down by the woes which are of earth and the inheritance of its offspring, Philip Riley was borne far away from home and hope—and all those living endearments which are the very life of life.

In less than six months after, the pure, affectionate, dutiful, religious and beautiful daughter of his heart—the once gay and happy, but now, perhaps, fortunately, maniac, Mary, was consigned to the home which she, in the first moments of her delirium, saw and sung of,—the grave. There she sleeps with the mother of her love; no stone to mark her resting-place, nor, indeed, is such necessary to preserve the memory of her fortunes and her fate, among the people of that broad neighborhood, who often mingle her name with their fire-side tales of legendary or traditionary moral.

Of the fiend, who accomplished this ruin, nothing further is known. Nor, otherwise, would it be necessary of narration. His wicked agency alone is spoken of, whenever the peasant maiden sighs over the name, or the patriarch of some family, tells to the children of his heart, the rare and heavenly virtues of the daughter of Philip Riley.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

FROM THE U. S. CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

It has struck me that a cursory review of the writings of Thomas Carlyle, author of Sartor Resartus, Hero-worship, &c., might be interesting to your readers at the present juncture, when his reputation is growing so rapidly as to obtrude his works on almost all classes of the reading public. I say that it would be important at the present juncture, for I know of no one in whom Catholics have a greater interest than in this same metaphysical, mystical man, Carlyle. If the Christian religion could emanate from the natural mind of man, and form itself, into the "grand Formulary of a church of Christ," as he would call it, it would, from the deep-seeing, comprehensive and powerful mind of this man. Should the report of his anti-catholic prejudices, which are not sparingly indulged in, particularly in his Hero-worship, become so disgusting, as to prevent the perusal of his works by Catholics, I should regard it as one of the most melancholy literary occurrences of the day.

I call Carlyle a great man, a good man; ought to be a very Catholic in all his thoughts, aspirations, affections—would outstrip us all in piety, adoration, patient suffering, were it necessary, had he but the humility which springs from God's free grace. But we must consider him as he is; a proud Arian, imbued, however, with a deep mystical belief—seeing the necessity of a church—an universal, in-

fallible, God-presiding church and candidly confessing it. It is truly as a Prophet that we must regard him. We can scarcely otherwise. It is an opinion, commonly had, that the pagan world, prior to the advent of our Lord, was beginning to master and even relish the philosophy of Plato; the sublime conceiver of a *supernatural* interposition—a mystical link between God and his creatures. This natural thinker had felt the void in his natural mind, which thoughts drawn from nature could not fill up; it was impossible to reach the Godhead by earthly built Babels. Something more tangible must be had; a "supernatural naturalism" was in us, and about us, and this must be consulted and impressed. Plato foresaw a Christ in these his faint glimpses into the vast spiritual economy; Carlyle forsees a church: an infallible, universal, mystical church. Christ has come: Philosophy can no longer speculate about this; imitators of Christ have come—Mahomets have come—Martin Luthers, Knoxes, Wesleys have come; we are tired of these: but a Church; this is the thing which these God-inspired prophets and priests are to build with their martyred bodies and blood—the fruit of all their mystical potence. A church, in which all to the uttermost corners of the earth are to be one day assembled. Until this day shall come, there will be false governments—false reasons; false religions. Nations starving; time-subserving utilitarianism—ungodly rationalism. Otherwise, Luther protested in vain, Calvin sectarianized in vain, Cromwell dictated in vain.

These are the Platonic glimpses into the future of this deep comprehensive "seer" of our own century, and beautifully has he set them forth to a too short-sighted Protestant world of his; the Catholic can alone drink from his deep prophetic fount; at least for the present. How long Transcendentalatism will be in teaching, this want of a church to its thirst-inspired people, is the only question for us. As for the church, it is already built; Christ, the divined of Plato, came to build it, and did. As a consolation, we say, as a great light may this man's divinings be considered. If Platonic philosophy came to be understood, to be relished by a pagan world, why may not a Resartorized Plato—a Transcendental Carlyle's prohecies be realized. The Pagan would or could not have been more worldly, more time-subdued than is our would be, Christian world *without a church.* The world wants a church, says Carlyle, and it must have it—will have it. This is the most prophetic *protestation* of all, and in his own language, Hero-worship belongs to the protestor for it. I, for one, at least, give it.

It is a mournful fact, that the greatest genius in Europe—the most talented man—the bravest thinker where all is confused, should be a beacon rather than a light, to the country he lives in; or, if a light, shining dimly, —only to be reached some centuries hence—a prophet, but a posthumous one; coming after the Christ. Are we not right in saying this? If Carlyle were a Christian, a God-incarnate believer, would he not hail with us the church—the fruit of incarnation—the seed that would not come without God's own hand sowing it? If he believes in Christ as the God-builder, why should hosts of Arians, Manichians, Lutherans, Puritans, be marshalled into his service to assist in its foundation? We are surprised that this deep "seer"—this mystical man, with his heaven-divining thoughts, should not have recognised the fact—the greatest of all facts, that the church is already established.

But if God has hung in his supernatural world, his mystical church—"his little kirk pendant in the skies," —what are its characteristics? Carlyle, says, it must be infallible—all

thinking men say so—universal, surely universal. If Christ built it, it must be universal, it must be infallible. It is a sequence that flows naturally, necessarily from the incarnation of God. If Carlyle be not a Christian in our acceptation, let him speak it quickly, we want beacons in that direction—to warn us from the shoals and quicksands of a ranker infidelity than his. As he would say, our Humes have fallen down, and Benthams have fallen down—we must have new beacons.

I have glanced rapidly over Carlyle's moral endeavors; peered slightly into the man himself, and represent him fearlessly as an Arian, holding out to his fellow-men, "the divine idea of a God," planted in their natural minds, as the polar star to mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. A man without *grace*, a man ignorant of what grace is; his connection with the God-head, springing alone from an interior thrusting onwards and upwards of the divine spirit within him. I cannot refrain from a train of reflections here, which I trust will prove interesting. How shall we strike home to minds thus paralyzed by pride? Christians, who have travelled to God's *throne of grace*, by the rough, devious paths of Doubt, Deism, Atheism, look back with sorrowing hearts, to those who follow them, trusting only to the sweet consolation, "the prayer of the righteous." But is this right? God, we acknowledge, adds to the flock, but may we not be instruments in his hands, one with another, to effect his purposes? Is not Science, Art, Philosophy, with all their influences, entering into the economy of God's spiritual regeneration? Is there any thing, I ask, that a Christian could suggest to the mind of this great man, whereby *grace* could be added to his greatness? Could we say, friend, what spirit has brought you thus bravely on your journey; you have already accomplished three-fourths of it? Instead of conciliation, would we not have the chilling recoil of offended *inborn Dignity?* "Three-fourths of the journey. I have reached the very portal of heaven, itself," would he not say. "I see the church 'the little kirk.' You ask what spirit did this? I answer, the spirit of pride, the spirit of manhood—god-created manhood." What would our *grace* inspired traveller do now? Could he sit down, and, with the Saviour, say, "come, let us reason together on these spiritualities, let us analyse these mystical influences, and see how many and how far each, in its turn, can and does carry us. I say, Pride takes us but three-fourths of our heaven-ward journey; let us see to this. Would our self-help appliance of earth's tools, to build up heaven-reaching Babels with, listen to this presumptuous *graceling?* I fear not. Carlyle, himself, is not prepared to follow the Christian philosopher from the *first* spiritual impulse of our being—the spirit of infant love, warm, unsuspicious, confiding—to that *last* and more confiding spirit of grace, with which God crowns all our earthly aspirations. Would he not ask, what affinity between these? Natural growth breathes into our earliest earth-being, with spiritual growth, coming from, we know not where, and implanted in us, we know not when, the creation of a blind credulity. Our great American, Webster, has called Carlyle, "a metaphysical fiddle-string." He is wrong. The author of Sartor Resartus—the fugitive *clothes philosophy* of Frasers' Magazine, *re-clothed* by the American, Emerson, into a charming metaphysical volume—is only deficient, not at fault, in his philosophy. One chapter more added to the "everlasting nay and yea," viz., the everlasting heaven of God's *grace*, would have made it the greatest metaphysical work extant. See, for instance, his

loving childhood—obedient, faithful, *first*, in order of impulses. His curious Emulus, *vanity*, inspired youth, generous, confident. *Second*, the *pride* of manhood,—dark, drear, but self-sufficing—kindling up incense, not for earthly altars, but reaching heaven-ward, the seer into the unseen, if it were possible. This is Carlyle's ultimatum, and is, as it should be; but let some violent concussion dash the cup of pride from the fevered lip of our insatiate god-seeker, and where is his refuge? See him, with all his *head bare*, like Joseph's brethren, still in want of grain. With o'erflowing bags of gold and silver, they must go for corn to Egypt. Poor gold! priceless silver!—it will not buy corn. Joseph wants not the product of your *Heads*—you and your father Jacob—Benjamin, the jewel of his *Heart* will alone buy corn. Strange, this, but *blindly do they obey*. The heart and head are both yielded to the god of grace. Will the world philosophy of Carlyle, acknowledge this parallel? Will it not querulously ask, and what has philosophy to do with the heart? Is your grace, your fourth link in the chain of human destiny, a thing for the heart? Yes, indeed, and through it, for the head, too; in the word of truth, a *new understanding* comes with a grace inspired heart. This is, indeed, the revelation. Nor can philosophy quibble here: ask, what charm has beauty on a youth of *ten*; it answers none; at *twenty*, an indescribable one. So, answers the Christian philosopher; will grace find a fit place to establish itself when you shall tire of this babbling philosophy and like Joseph's brethren humbly comply with God's demand, and offer him your heart. Say that we cannot believe that Carlyle will understand this, great man as he is—great thinker—to Catholics, great Prophet. He, with his earth-bewildered eyes, still seeing the necessity of our universal church. Yet, without grace, without a true knowledge of mysteries, a mere dreamer of their real, their glorious import. This is a proud man—a man drawn to adore his creator because he has wrought him from his own hard, incongruous nature, "half dust half deity." Not a humble man, who finds his adoration flowing from a heart o'er filled with grace. But suppose Carlyle does not understand this criticism of him; does the boy understand the man? the thoughtless, timid creature of vanity, the dignified, fearless being of pride? How can this latter there understand, in his turn, the meek, humbled, regenerated child of grace?

But to return to our subject. It may be said, that as a true critic, this should be all proven from the productions of our author. Only too sorry, are we, that he has given in his "Heroas Priest," full ground for the license.

We will confine ourselves to this definition of priest, and conception of Martin Luther's character. The veriest tyro in Christian doctrine, is aware, that our Saviour came on earth to establish a church; a fold, in which God's flock should be gathered, even to the uttermost end of time. It is added, "a flock under one shepherd," at least, there must be a shepherd—a divine charge under anointed shepherds—a charge in their hands to be offered up at the day of judgment—a "sacer-dos"—a sacred charge, or gift—the shepherd, or priest—"sacerdos." Now, is this the duty performed by Carlyle's Herod Priest, Luther. Does he not scatter the flock, rather? Two hundred fractions of these poor scattered ones, numbering over one hundred millions of the earth's population, are living witnesses of this fact. Wanderers, with but an occasional glimpse of the fold, and this, the hard-earned portion of a few bell wethers, to borrow a home-spun phrase, or, rather, would be bell wethers, for they have lost their bells, and lo! none of

the sheep will follow them. Again, does not the false priest, Luther himself, tire of his efforts to regather the scattered sheep, and actually prays for death, rather than the destruction which he had brought about him. True, he did not fight, but he armed them for the fight, his desperate followers—men gone from peace, from grace, from love—no altar! no priest, no victim; scattered, indeed, and he a priest! But our author has as faint a conception of the greatness of Luther, as of the church whose inmates he scattered. This man's greatness consisted in his archness to conceive the weak points in man's character, and bravery to assail it. "Sacraments, the vehicles of God's graces," nonsense. God pours them directly into the hearts of his believers. Down with sacraments—all outward signs of inward and spiritual grace, even to the tearing out of such *books of straw*, as St. James' Epistles, only reinstated into the Protestant Bible, in the times of our Scotch James. What is a priest without his altar, his sacrifice, his sacrament. Luther knew this, and he was daring enough to accomplish their destruction. His greatness is only dimmed by his having had a prototype in Satan, who scattered the peaceful, God-loving, God-obeying inmates of Eden, in a similar manner, and thereby left him an example. No sacraments for the truly spiritual—no "hidden graces in outward signs"—down with simulacra, saintships, sacrifices.—Cairas have not ceased since then, nor will, as long as such men are acknowledged as God's priests, and preach from the pulpits and presses, erected since in the place of God's altar.

We trust that enough has been advanced to sustain our position. But we must add, in defence of Carlyle, before ending this hurried notice, that it is here and only here, of all his works, that this deep "seer" has a film over his natural vision—his mind's eye; in all things else he has seen into the bottom of things, quite through their wrappings; and truly has his pen noted down, as in living figures, what his eye saw.

We then, say, read Carlyle wherever he can be found; he is a world hero only, not a spiritual hero; a seer, but not priest-seeing under the veil even of the inner temple.

CREDO.

THE REFORMATION EXAMINED, ACCORDING TO THE PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES, AND TO THE REASONS ASSIGNED BY THE REFORMERS FOR THAT SEPARATION FROM THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

Our dissenting brethren will not object that their system should be tried according to their own principles, without even mentioning the Church of Rome, or any of its doctors, but purely considering the Reformed church, in itself, as viewed by her own children, or by a man no way concerned with the Catholic church. Such examination is fair and satisfac-

tory, and, therefore, if the result be against them, it will be just for them to stay by it. We shall commence by the standard principle or ground of of Protestantism, as expressed in the fifth article of the Confession of Faith, namely, that *the Scriptures containing all that is necessary for the service of God, and for our salvation, it is not allowed to men, nor even to angels, to add to, or diminish, or to change any thing from them*

According to the above principle, the Reformation must be found plainly and evidently predicted in the Scripture, or else it is not Scripture, and should be rejected. Indeed, we find that every important event has been predicted in the Old Testament, by the prophets, and, in the New, by Christ and his apostles; so, the destruction of Jerusalem and the coming of Antichrist; and the circumstances of the Last Judgment and the consummation of the world, are evidently stated. But now, where is there in the Scripture, any way predicted, that the church will fail, and that God will send in the 16th century some extraordinary men who will establish the glorious reformation, and that these precious gifts from heaven, or a new mystical vine will be extended, and will produce so many wonders, and so many benefits, as the Protestants attribute to their system? Such a fact as this would certainly be an object for a prophecy. But where is such a prophecy? Where is to be found in the Scripture, any text, giving the least idea of such personages? Indeed, we only read there should come those dressed in sheep's clothing, but inwardly, they are ravening wolves. Hence, the Reformation is not Scriptural, and, according to the Protestant principle, should be totally rejected.

We might address to Protestants, the words of St. Augustine to the Donatists: "Produce," said he, "produce, at least, one text, wherein is clearly predicted, that the Church of Africa would be the only one that will remain attached to the true faith, and through her the whole universe should be reformed, because that which was soon to perish, would not have been recommended in so many passages of the Scripture, while we find none, where a single word is said about that which was to remain alone, and by which all the rest would be repaired and accomplished. If you cannot grant what we ask from you, with such a just title, at least yield to truth, keep your peace, and instead of indulging in passion, think of assuring your salvation. "It is to announce another gospel," says the same father, "to affirm that the Church has perished in the rest of the world, and remained only in Africa, among the Donatists. Let them, therefore, either be anathematized or show such prediction in the Holy Scriptures."—*St. Aug. de Unit. Eccl. c.* 19.

The authority of St. Augustine, is so great in the Christian world, that Protestants always pretended to have the holy father in their favor, although they oppose so much, even the very name of authority, except that of the Bible, and therefore, they must give up the idea of claiming St. Augustine as their own, or they must confess that, according to their very principle, their Reformation is groundless.

Another Protestant principle, is, that *the unity of the Church is kept as long as Christians will agree in the essential points.* Consequently, there is no call for separation, as long as the essential points of doctrine are admitted, and no church that keeps such points unaltered, should be considered as a corrupted church, and as the harlot of Babylon. But the Catholic church keeps all those essential points according to Luther, himself. Hence, there was no urgent reason why he should separate himself from it, thus giving birth to the scandalous division, called Reforma-

tion. Luther's words are very remarkable, indeed, and a reader scarcely can believe that the father of Protestantism could write against the Anabaptists, in the following terms: "We confess that there is under the papacy great deal of *Christian good*, nay, all the *Christian good* came to us from them. We confess, that under the papacy, there are *true Holy Scriptures*, true baptism, true *sacrament of the altar*, true keys for the remission of sins, true authority to preach, true catechism, as the Lord's prayer, the ten commandments, and the articles of faith. I say, moreover, that under the papacy, there is a true Christianity, and even the true foundation of Christianity."*

Such is the church from which Luther separated himself, and let Protestants decide whether such a separation was according to the favorite Protestant principle—whether a church which retains all what Luther says to be found in the Roman Catholic Church, does not retain the essential points—whether such a church is to be considered as the harlot of Babylon. Either Luther had the spirit of God or not. If he had it, the Roman Catholic Church is the true one, according to his description of it, and if he had not the spirit of God, he was an impostor. In either case, let Protestants judge of their Reformation and of their glorious father.

Let it be noticed that the principal charge made against us, by Protestants, is that of idolatry, on account of our doctrine on the Eucharist, and the use of images. But Luther confesses that we have a *true sacrament of the altar*, and, therefore, we are not idolators as to this point; and as to the images, he thus wrote: "The third FURY is of those who *destroy all the* images, whereas, Moses commanded only those to be destroyed, which are worshipped, and in which confidence is placed: such is the meaning of the text, and the intention in the first commandment, which says that no similitude of God should be made, in order to ADORE it; but other images, which are not of God, and are not *adored*, God has not prohibited," (Luth. in cap. vii. Deuteronomii.)† Protestants will find in this doctrine of their father Luther, the answer to all their arguments against images, and a proof of their rashness in misrepresenting us as idolators.—Calvin, also, will satisfy them, for, in the *Catechism of Geneva*, given by him, we find: "*Is it* ABSOLUTELY forbidden to paint or to engrave images? Response. No, but two things are here forbidden, viz., not to make images to represent God, and not to make any to ADORE it."* However, Protestants will have, that we are idolators ONLY because we have images.

* Nos fatemur sub Papatu plurimum esse boni Christiani, imo *omne bonum christianum* atque etiam illinc ad nos devenisse. Quippe fatemur in Papatu veram esse Scripturam sacram, verum baptismum, VERUM SACRAMENTUM ALTARIS, VERAS CLAVES AD REMISSIONEM PECCATORUM, VERUM PRÆDICANDO OFFICIUM, verum catechismum, ut sunt oratio Dominica, decem præcepta, articuli fidei. Dico insuper, sub Papatu veram Christianitatem esse, imo verum NUCLEUM Christianitatis esse.—Vide Justini Calvini Apolog. pro Rom. Ecclesiæ, p. 14.

† Tertius furor est, quod prorsus omnes imagines perdant cum Moses solum de iis præcipiat, quæ coluntur, et quibus fiditur: id quod non modo textus indicat, et intentio primi præcepti, cum dicit, non esse Dei similitudinem faciendam ad *adorandum;* alias autem imagines quam Dei, tum quæ *non adorantur*, nusquam prohibet Deus.—Luth. in cap. 7, Deut.

* "Prohibet ne *in totum* ne aliquæ pingantur, vel sculpantur imagines? NON: sed duo tantum hic vetat, ne quas faciamus imagines vel Dei effingendi, vel ADORANDI causa."—(Catechismus, Genev.)—Vide etiam Theolog. Dogm. Bertierii, Tom. II. p. 71.

Another principle, or rather pretext, of Protestants to separate themselves from the church, is, that *they should not be in a corrupted church.* But Luther could have no such pretext, and if his offspring will hear with impartiality, the reasons of their father, they will certainly have none. "It is incredible," says Luther, "how many, even great men, have perished on account of the scandal, as they expected nothing in the church but totally holy. This way the Donatists separated themselves from the church, because they observed some wicked in it, but afterwards they also disagreed among themselves. The Maximianists, separated themselves from the Donatists, because they observed many wicked amongst them. The same ignorance was the cause of the separation of the Novatians from the church, and the origin of great many heresies, which always gave us cause of their separation, that they could not put up with wicked, and, on this subject, St. Augustine wrote very extensively against the Donatists. Therefore, it is no wonder that this ignorance is, in our days, the ruin of many, and the scandal of great men, to say nothing of Muncer, and some other fanatics. (Tom. 5, p. 41.) Consequently, Luther had no pretext whatever for his separation from the church, for he granted that we keep the doctrine, and as to the scandal he himself says, that they should never be a cause of separation. Let Protestants judge of the *sincerity* of their father Luther. Moreover, where have they found in the Scriptures, that the people should leave the church whenever there are scandals in it? The prophets lamented the crime of the people, but never told the rest to make any separation. St. Paul reprimands the conduct of many of the Corinthians, but never told the rest to form a sect.

Suppose, however, that we admit this Protestant maxim, and let us apply it to the Reformation. They left the Roman church, on account of its corruptions; therefore, in order to act consistently, they should leave every church that is corrupted. But the Reformers, themselves, often said and wrote, that their people was still more corrupted than they were under the papacy. Hence, they should leave immediately the Protestant church.—But where to go? Back to the Catholics? This would be right, but their pride will not allow them to do it. To the Jews? No. To the infidels? It is not expedient to go so openly. To nothing? Yes, to nothing, for they remain by themselves, destroyed by *their own principles*, and with an imaginary existence of Christianity.

CATULLUS:

HE CONGRATULATES HIS FRIEND VERANNUS ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.*

Verannus, dearest to my breast;
Of all my friends I love thee best!
Verannus, hast thou safely come
Back to thy household gods, and home?
Oh! does thy mother see again
Her son, upon his native plain?

* These lines were addressed to him, after his return from Spain, where he had been Quæstor.

Hast thou returned! I now shall hear
Of people, deeds, and countries far—
I now shall cling to thy embrace,
And kiss thy comely eyes and face.
Oh! who of happiest men can be
More happy, or more blest than we!

TO CALVUS LICINIUS,

WHO, IN A JOKE, SENT CATULLUS A COLLECTION OF BAD POETRY.

Did I not hold thee quite so dear,
Or quite so much thy name revere,
Thy gift would raise my hatred more
Than Rome against Vatinius bore.*
What have I said, or done amiss,
To meet a fate so dark as this?
From gods, who thus their client's treat,
What can we hope, but wo, to meet.
Gods! what a present this, a friend
Could to his fond Catullus send!
What! will you kill me on a day†
Of all most sacred, and most gay.
Ah! when that festive day will shine,
I shall return that gift of thine.
I'll rummage every shelf to find
All writers of Aquinus kind;‡
And all those pests of verse, that rust
Unknown, I'll gather from their dust,
And send Licinius to repay,
A present for that festive day!
Meanwhile, begone, accurst by fame,
Back to the dust from whence ye came.
Begone, I would not read a page
Of poets, who disgrace this age.

TO PRIAPUS.§

Where'er O, god, in Hellespont thou be,
This shady grove we consecrate to thee,
For Hellespont (far-famed for oystery shores)
With special care thy deity adores.‖

* See Cicero's oration against Vatinius. † He means the *saturnalia.*

‡ Aquinus was, it is supposed, like Cæsius, a very bitter and extravagant satirist.

§ The god of gardens. This, and the following poems, are unanimously attributed to Catullus; my opinion is, that they bear every mark of his style and sentiment.

‖ Priapus was supposed to preside over the commerce of Hellespont.

THE GARDEN GOD

TELLS THE STRANGER WHAT GIFTS HE RECEIVES.

I passing stranger, lately stood
A misshaped poplar in the wood.
But kindly shaped by rural hands,
Am now the guardian of these lands:
This villa, and this little farm,
I shelter from the robbers arm.
To me a wreath of flowers they bring,
The first-born blossoms of the Spring:
To me the ruddy corn that seems
Translucent in the Summer beams;
The luscious grape before my shrine
They lay, still on the tender vine,
For me, when winter chills the plain,
The olive's yellow leaves remain.
And, fed upon my fat'ning hills,
The goat its plenteous milk distils:
And from my herds, each circling year,
(The hapless mother lowing near)
A heifer, victim to the skies,
Before the sacred altar dies.
Then, stranger, with uplifted hands,
Adore the guardian of these lands.

THE SAME GOD

PROTECTS ANOTHER VILLA, AND GUARDS IT FROM THIEVES.

I, once an oak-tree shaped by rural hands,
Protect this villa, and its marshy lands.
Where rushes once and worthless figs were found,
Now, by my care, luxuriant fruits abound.
For me the master of this cot adores,
To me his child due supplication pours;
(Each at my feet their grateful off'rings lay)
That from their plain I'd clear these weeds away.
To me a wreath of various flow'rs they bring,
The first-born blossoms of the laughing spring:
The yellow violet, and the tender corn,
The smiling poppy, yellow as the morn:
The pallid gourd they lay before my shrine,
And grapes thick clustered on the verdant vine.

SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK V. CHAPTER II.

"By real quality, then," said the Chevalier, "I understand something really subsisting; something, *I know not what*, which I am not obliged to define clearly, but which exists like all that exists."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Count, "but this *something*, this *unknown thing*, whose value we seek, is it material or nominal? If it be not material——"

"Ah! I did not say that," cried the Chevalier.

"But, if it is material," added the Count, "certainly you cannot style it *quality;* it is a mere *modification*, an *accident*, a *manner*, or any thing you may call it. It is a substance, similar in its essence, to every other material substance. And this substance, which is not *wood* (otherwise wood would heal) exists in the wood, or, to speak more correctly, *in this wood*, as sugar, which is neither water nor tea, is contained in that infusion of tea which has dissolved it. We have, then, merely gone back to the question, which is but in its beginning. In effect, since the substance which cures the fever is material, I ask, again, why go to Peru for it? Matter is more easily found than wood. It is every where, and all that we see is good to effect a cure. You will, therefore, be obliged to repeat on this subject, in general, all that you have said, concerning wood. You will say: *there is no question about matter in general, but in particular; that is to say, of matter in the most abstract sense, a quality which distinguishes it and cures the fever.*

And I will attack you anew, by asking you what is this quality which you suppose material? and I will pursue you thus, with the same advantage, leaving not a point for your good sense to resist. For, matter being of its nature, inert and passive, and having action only by motion, which it cannot give itself, it follows, that it can act only by the action of an agent more or less distant, hidden by itself, and which cannot be *itself.*

"You see, therefore, my dear Chevalier, that it was not altogether a question about words: but let us return. This excursion, concerning causes, conducts us to an idea equally just and fruitful. It is, to regard prayer, considered in its effect, simply as a second cause. For, under this point of view, it is but that, and should not be considered any thing else. If, then, a fashionable philosopher, is astonished to see me recur to prayer to escape lightning, for example, I will say to him: *and you, sir, why do you make use of conductors?* or, to confine myself to something more common: *why do you have recourse to engines against fire, or remedies against disease? Do you not, by so doing, oppose, as well as myself, all the eternal laws?* Oh! that is very different, I will be told; for, if it is a *law*, for instance, that fire should burn, it is likewise a law that water extinguish fire. And I answer: *that is precisely what I insist on;* for if it is a *law* that fire produces such or such a ravage, it is likewise, one, that prayer, applied in time to the FIRE OF

HEAVEN, should extinguish or avert it. And, be persuaded, gentlemen, that no objection can be made in the same supposition, which I cannot retort to advantage. There is no medium between rigid, absolute, universal fatalism, and the common faith of men in the efficacy of prayer.

"You remember, Chevalier, the petty biped, who, in our presence, a short time ago, ridiculed these lines of Boileau:

Pour moi qu'en santé meme un autre monde etonne
Qui crois l'ame immortelle et que c'est Dieu qui tonne.

Though, in full health, another world alarms
Me, who believe the soul shall never die,
And that 'tis God who thunders—

'From the days of Boileau,' he said, 'before prattlers and striplings, enraptured with so much science, the world did not know, as yet, that a peal of thunder is nothing more than an electrical spark: and so much importance would not be attached to it, if thunder had not been regarded as the divine arm destined to chastise crime. Still, you must know, that already in ancient days, certain reasoners had created some uneasiness in the minds of the believing, by asking, why Jupiter amused himself by striking, with his thunder, the rocks of Caucasus, or the uninhabited forests of Germany?'

"I created some uneasiness, myself, in that profound reasoner, by saying to him: but you do not reflect, sir, that you, yourself, furnish an excellent argument to the devout of our own days, (for there are always some, in spite of the efforts of philosophers), to continue to think with the good Boileau; in effect, they will say to you with great simplicity: *thunder, though it kills, was not originally destined to kill; and we ask God, in his goodness, to deign to hurl his thunders at rocks and deserts, which will, without doubt, suffice for the accomplishment of the physical laws.* I would not, as you well understand, enter into a thesis before such an audience; but see, I pray you, whither science, badly understood, would lead us, and what we have to hope from youth imbued with such principles. What profound ignorance, and even what a horror for truth! Observe, above all, the fundamental sophism of modern pride, which always confounds the discovery, or generation of an effect, with the revelation of a cause. Men recognise in an unknown substance (amber), the property it acquires by friction to attract light bodies. They name that quality, electricity. They do not change the name, in proportion as they discover other idio-electrical substances: very soon, new observations discover to them electric fire. They learn how to accumulate it, conduct it, etc. In a word, they are sure to have recognized and demonstrated the identity of this fire with lightning, insomuch, that were names given by reasoning, it would be necessary now to substitute, for the word *electricity*, that of *ceraunism*. What have they done? They have rendered the miracle greater—they have, thus to speak, approached nearer to them. But what more do they know of their essence? Nothing. It seems rather, to appear more inexplicable, the nearer it is considered. Now, admire the beauty of this reasoning: it is proved that electricity, such as we observe it in our cabinets, does not differ but little from that terrible and mysterious agent which we call *lightning;* THEREFORE, it is not God who thunders! Moliere said: *your* ERGO *is but a fool!* But we shall be very happy if it were only a *fool*. See the ulterior consequences. *Therefore*, it is not God who acts by secondary causes. *Therefore*, their march is invariable; *therefore*, our fears and prayers are equally vain. But what a series of monstrous errors! I read

a short time since, in a French paper, *that thunder is no longer, in the estimation of a wise man, lightning hurled from the high heavens to cause men to tremble: it is a very natural and simple phenomenon, which passes some small distance above our heads, and of which, the nearest stars have no information.* Let us analyse this reasoning, and we will find, that if the lightning partakes, for example, of the planet Saturn, *as it would then be* NEAREST TO GOD, there would be some reason to suppose that he has something to do with it; *but as it only passes a few feet above our heads, etc.* We hear much about the ignorance of our ancestors,—there is nothing so ignorant as the philosophy of our age. The good sense of the twelfth century would have ridiculed it justly. The royal prophet, does not certainly place the phenomenon of which I am speaking, in a too elevated region; for he styles it, with great oriental elegance, *the cry of the clouds.** He He could even produce some recommendation to modern chemists, for he says: *God knoweth how to extract water from the lightning.*† But he likewise says:

The voice of the thunder is sounding abroad,
And the earth is all shaken, and trembles,—

Religion and physics, you see, are in perfect accordance; men reason badly. Alas! how dearly have they paid for the natural sciences! It is their own fault; for God had placed them sufficiently upon their guard, but pride listened to the serpent; man, again, has reached out his hand to the forbidden tree of knowledge, and has ruined himself, and learned nothing. Observe the beautiful laws of Providence: from the primitive times, of which I will not speak just now, it entrusted experimental physics only to Christians. The ancients, certainly surpassed us in strength of intellect. This is proved by the superiority of their languages, in a manner which seems to impose silence upon all the sophisms of our pride. For the same reason, they have surpassed us in every thing which they had in common with us. On the contrary, their physics were comparatively nothing. For they not only attached no value to physical experiments, but despised them; and even associated to them a certain idea of impiety—and this confused idea sprang from a very high source. When all Europe was Christian,—when the priests were the universal teachers—when all the establishments of Europe were Christianized—when theology took the ascendency of all learning, and all the faculties were merely ranged around her, like so many handmaids around their sovereign, the human race being thus prepared, the natural sciences were given them—*tantæ molis erat* ROMANAM *condere gentem!* The ignorance of this truth, has caused many great geniuses to reason badly, not excepting Bacon, nay, commencing with him."

"Since you have made me think of it, I assure you," remarked the Senator, "that I have found him more than once, extremely amusing with his *desiderata*. He has the appearance of a man, who stamps his feet, by the side of a cradle, complaining that the child who is rocked in it, is not yet a professor of mathematics, nor a general of an army!"

"Well said," returned the Count, "but, indeed, I do not know if it is not possible to question the exactitude of your comparison, for the sciences,

* Vocem dederunt nubes. Ps. lxxxvi.
† Fulgura in pluviam facit. (Ps. cxxxiv. Another prophet repeats this expression twice. Jerem. x. 13, li. 16. The peals of thunder appear to be the combustion of hydrogen gas with vital air. Thus we see them followed by sudden showers.—Fourcroi verités fondamentales de la chimie moderne, p. 38.

in the beginning of the XVIIth century, were, by no means, the *child in the cradle*. Without speaking of the illustrious religious of his own name who had preceded him three centuries, in England, and whose science could even now deserve for any one the title of *Savant;* Bacon was contemporary with Keppler, Galileo, and Descartes. Copernicus had preceded him. These four giants, alone, without mentioning a hundred less celebrated personages, deprived him of the right of speaking with such contempt of the condition of the sciences, which shed, in his day, such brilliant rays. The sciences do not advance, as Bacon thinks. They bud forth, as every thing that buds forth; they grow, like every thing that grows; they connect themselves with the moral condition of man. Though free and active, and, consequently, capable of applying himself to the sciences and perfecting them, he is, nevertheless, abandoned to himself on this point, less, perhaps, than on any other. But Bacon took the notion to injure the sciences of his age, without being able to appropriate them; and nothing is more curious in the history of the human mind, than the imperturbable obstinacy with which this celebrated man did not cease to deny the existence of the light which sparkled around him, because his eyes were not constructed in the manner necessary to receive it. For no man was ever a greater stranger to the natural sciences and the laws of the world. Bacon, has very justly, been accused of having retarded the progress of chemistry, in endeavouring to render it mechanical, and I am delighted that he has been reproached with this in his own country, by one of the first chemists of the age.* He has done still greater harm in retarding the march of that transcendent or *general* philosophy, with which he never ceases to entertain us, without ever having doubted about what it should be. He has even invented false words, and dangerous in the acceptation which he has given them; that of *form*, for example, which he has substituted for that of *nature* or *essence*, and which modern ignorance has not failed to lay hold of, in proposing to us, as seriously as possible, to seek after the *form* of heat, expansibility, etc. And who knows, if the day will not arrive, when we shall be taught the *form of virtue?* The power which led on Bacon, was not yet adult at the epoch in which he wrote. Still, it fermented in his works, in which he boldly sows the seeds which have sprung up so prolifically in our days. Filled with a mechanical rancor against all spiritual ideas (of which he did not know either the nature or source) Bacon drew, with all his powers, the general attention to the material sciences, so as to disgust men with all the rest. He confined all metaphysics, psycology, all natural theology, to positive theology, and he shut that up under lock and key, in the church, preventing it from coming out; he undervalued final causes, which he styled impediments, attached to the vessel of science, and dared support the position, that the investigation of these causes was injurious to true science; an error, as gross as it is fatal; and yet, who could believe it? An error contagious even among well disposed minds, insomuch, that one of the most fervent and estimable disciples of English philosophy could, without feeling his hand tremble as he wrote, advise us *not to be seduced by the apparent order of the universe*. Bacon left nothing undone to disgust us with the philosophy of Plato, who is the human preface to the gospel; and he has praised, explained, and propagated that of Democritus, that is to say, corpuscular philosophy, a desperate effort of materialism, pushed to its

* Black's Lectures.

extreme, which, finding that matter escapes from him, and explains nothing, plunges into things, infinitely small, seeking for matter, as it were, without matter, and always content in the midst of absurdities, especially where he finds no intelligence. In conformity with this system of philosophy, Bacon instructs men to look for the cause of natural phenomena, in the configuration of atoms or constituent particles: the most false and gross idea that has ever entered into the human mind. And this is the reason why the XVIIth century, which loves and praises only what is bad in men, has made a god of Bacon—refusing, at the same time, to render him justice for what he has, that is excellent and good. It is a very great error to believe that he has had any influence on the progress of science—for its true founders preceded him, and did not know him.—Bacon was a barometer, which announced pleasant weather; and because he announced it, they believed that he created it. Walpole, his contemporary, has styled him the *prophet of science*;* this is all that can be accorded him. I have seen the design of a medal, struck in his honor, which is a rising sun, with this inscription: *Exortus uti Æthereus Sol.* Nothing is more evidently false. I would rather have the aurora, with the words, *Nuntia Solis;* and, even thus, there might be some exaggeration; for, when Bacon *arose*, it was, at least, ten o'clock in the day! The immense reputation which he has earned in our times, is owing, as I just remarked, to his reprehensible points. Observe, that he was not translated into French, until the end of the present century, and by a man, who has candidly declared, *that he had, contrary to his own experience, a hundred thousand reasons not to believe in God.*"

"Are you not afraid to be stoned for the blasphemies you utter against one of the *great gods* of our age?" asked the Chevalier.

"Did my duty bring that fate upon me, I should have to submit to it with patience," returned the Count; "but I doubt whether I shall be stoned just here. If there were question of publishing what I now say, I would not hesitate an instant. I would have little fear of the tempests, convinced as I am, that the true intentions of a writer are always appreciated, and that all the world will do them justice. They will believe me, then, I am sure, when I protest that I consider myself inferior, in talents and acquirements, to the greater part of writers whom you have in view at this moment, as I surpass them, by the truth of the doctrines which I profess. I am pleased to confess this first superiority, which will furnish me a subject of delicious meditation, on the inestimable privilege of truth, and the nullity of talents which dare to separate from it. There is a fine work to be written, *on the wrong done to all the productions of genius, and even to the character of their authors, by the errors which they have professed, for the last three centuries.* What a subject, if well treated! The work would be the more useful, as it would rest entirely on facts, and, therefore, afford little room to sophistry. I can cite a striking instance on this subject, viz., Newton, who now presents himself to my mind, as one of the most remarkable men in the empire of science.—What was wanting to justify the perfect application to him of this beautiful English poetry:

A pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From law sublimely simple.†

* Preface of the small edition of Bacon, published by Dr. Shaw, London, 1802.

† Thompson's Seasons, Summer.

Nothing, except that he did not rise above his national prejudices, for certainly, if he had had one more truth on his mind, he would have written one book less. Let the world exalt him, then, as much as they please, I subscribe to all, provided he keeps in his place. But when he descends from the high regions of his genius, to speak to me *of the big end of the little horn*, I am no longer indebted to him. There are not, in the whole circle of errors, and there cannot be, names, ranks, or differences. Newton, is equal to *Villiers*.

"After this profession of faith, which I do not cease to repeat, I live perfectly in peace with myself. I can accuse myself of nothing, for I know what I owe to genius; but I likewise know what I owe to truth. Besides, gentlemen, *the time has come*, when all these idols must fall. But, let us return to our subject. Do you find the least difficulty in this idea, that prayer is a second cause, and that it is impossible to make a single objection against it, which you cannot make against medicine, for example? *Either the sick man will die, or he will not, therefore it is unnecessary to pray for him.* And, I say, therefore, it is unnecessary to *administer remedies; therefore medicine is useless.* Where is the difference? We will not pay attention to the fact, that the secondary causes are combined with the superior action. *Either this sick man will die, or he will not:* certainly, he will die, if he takes no remedies, and he will not, if he takes them. This condition, if it is permitted thus to speak, *forms a portion* of the divine decree. God, beyond all doubt, is the universal mover: but each being is moved according to the nature which it has received. If you, yourselves, gentlemen, would wish to induce that horse which you see in yonder meadow, to come hither, what would you do? You would either mount him, or lead him by the bridle, and the animal would obey you, *according to his nature*, though he possesses all the strength necessary to resist you, and might even kill you with a single kick. If you wished the child you see in the garden, to approach us, you would either call him by name, or make a motion to him; or, what would be more intelligible to him, show him a biscuit, and the child would come—following his nature. If you wanted a book out of my library, you would go after it—the book would follow your hand in a purely passive manner, *according to its nature.* This is a very natural image of the action of God upon creatures. He moves the angels, men, animals, brute matter, all beings, in a word, but each *according to its nature.* Man, having been created free, is moved freely. This law, is truly the *eternal law*, and this, we must believe."

"I believe it, with my whole heart, as you do," said the Senator; "yet we must acknowledge that the conformity of the divine action with our liberty, and the events which depend on it, form one of those questions on which human reason, even when perfectly convinced, has not the strength to divest itself of a certain doubt which springs from fear, and which always attacks it, in spite of itself.—It is an abyss, which it is better not to gaze on."

FUGITIVE PIECES.

BY MISS E. O'DRISCOLL.

AGNES BENTLEY.

Amidst the quiet and rural vallies of England, is situated a small romantic village, which always had to me an appearance of peculiar loveliness. I know that there was nothing grand, or, what this vain world would style beautiful; no high and stately old manorial residence broke upon the view; the noise and tumult of the giddy ball or other scenes of dissipation, was never heard in the rustic hamlet. All was peace and quietude. Yes, to me it bore a charm far more pleasing than the vain tinsel of pampered pride and affluence. It was once the home of a gentle girl, who had become endeared to me by the knowledge of her many misfortunes. I well remember the first time I saw her. It was a bright and balmy Sabbath morning, in the sultry days of summer, when, on arriving at the village church, and the service not yet commenced, I strolled out into the quiet grave-yard to while away the intervening moments. As I was reading the simple annals of the peasantry, carved on the tombstones, I was attracted by the appearance of a young lady, who was reclining on a grassy mound, with a small volume in her hand, which I immediately supposed was the Scriptures, from the deep attention and air of seriousness, with which she was perusing it. I placed my hand upon a small iron railing, with which affection had enclosed the remains of some cherished object, and attentively surveyed the lovely being. She was of exquisite proportions, and her hair, of a soft auburn tinge, was braided over a brow of stainless purity; her form was clothed in virgin white, and she was truly the fairest being that my eye ever rested upon. Just at this moment, the church bell sent abroad its solemn chime, far over hill and dale. The lady started to her feet, and, as she passed, I could no longer restrain the interest I had taken in the beautiful girl. "It is a lovely morning!" I involuntarily exclaimed. She gently bowed her head and answered with a voice, soft and clear as the music of the nightingale, and we entered the church together. All day, the image of that gentle girl, was in my mind; and the next evening, as I was returning from a ramble and passing the graveyard, I was attracted by the glimmer of a white dress. I turned, and entered the mansions of repose. As my step broke the silence, she rose, and perceiving that it was me, and offering her hand, pressed me to take a seat by her side. We both reclined on the grass, and passed an hour in social converse till the sun sank behind the trees; and then rising, we wended our way home. As we arrived at a place where the roads branched out into several paths, the lady stopped, and glancing down the valley; "there," she said, "is my home, in yonder cottage." I turned in the direction pointed out, and a cottage, that I had always admired for its simple beauty, was the home of the gentle being whom I already

loved as a sister. She begged me to accompany her home; and I could not resist the persuasions of the artless girl. We entered the dwelling of peace and happiness, and I was soon made acquainted with the parents of my young friend; and a more pleasant evening I never spent: till at length, departing, I promised frequently to visit the fair Agnes Bently, and her amiable parents. Day after day, we met in the silent city of the dead, for it was a custom with Agnes, daily to visit that spot, too often shunned, till we had become as dear to one another, as if we had known and loved from our cradles. One evening, as I sought our accustomed haunt, Agnes was not there, but I attributed it to some necessary cause; but the next evening, her usual place was still vacant. With a feeling of dread, I repaired to the cottage of Agnes, and found that her father was dangerously ill. Daily did I visit the cottage; but I saw that his days were numbered, and in the course of two weeks, the father of Agnes was laid in the grave. The mother, unable to bear the shock, followed him in a week, and the lovely Agnes was an orphan. My heart clung more, and still more, to her, in her bereaved state; but my affection was not long to be needed. The hand of affliction had touched her heavily, and her gentle spirit was unable to revive. The evening of the burial of her mother, Agnes laid her sorrowing head on her couch—that couch from whence she was never more to rise. I never left the lovely orphan, but watched over her, for she was dear to my heart. But my attention was of no avail: in one short month, the beautiful Agnes lay a tenant of the silent mansions of the dead. I gazed upon her face—lovely, even in death. I thought how fair the flower—how soon nipped in its bloom! And I plucked a white rose from her favorite tree, and laid it on her breast, and pressed my lips to her white and marble brow. It was all over; her form was shrouded from my view; the coffin lid was closed, and we bore her to her last resting place. She was laid between her parents, and a pure marble monument was raised over their remains guarded by a neat railing; while the graceful weeping willow waved its silken branches over the tomb, and roses bloomed in abundance around the grave. Frequently, do I visit the silent city of the departed, and there is no spot so dear to me in this world, as the graves of Agnes Bently and her amiable parents.

PALESTINE.

Palestine! the home of the chosen people of God; where, now, are all thy beauties and thy grandeur? Thy glorious temple, the Israelites pride, is destroyed. No more do Judah's sons go forth to fight the battles of the Lord, armed with the confidence of the children of God, while the shrill blast of the clarion urges them on to deeds of glory and fame. No more is the Jewish maiden seen going forth at evening hour, with her pitcher to the well, singing the plaintive songs of Canaan's happy land. They are spread over the face of the globe, in every land, in exile and estrangement. Their temples are overthrown; and where once, the full Sanhedrim, met in solemn conclave, and the sons and daughters of Sion thronged the temples of the great Jehovah, and made the vaults of heaven re-echo with the songs of praise and gladness, a desolate heap of ruins is all that now appears. And the land that has been watered with the blood of the Redeemer, the scene of his life, preaching, miracles, and his death, is the home of the Infidel. Vainly, has the brave crusader fought, bled, and died, to save a spot, hallowed by so many holy recollections, from the grasp of

the Ottoman. The scorching sands of Syria, have been the grave of many a valiant Christian warrior, who thirsted with eager desire to expel the haughty Turkman. Vainly they fought! Where now the cross should float proudly to the breeze,—the emblem of a Savior's love and man's redemption—the crescent of the Mahommedan gleams on every tower and castle wall!

THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

One of the most charitable and benevolent institutions that exist in the world, and that prove a blessing to humanity, is the monastery of St. Bernard. Situated amid the Alpine heights of Switzerland, its votaries appear to have forgotten the general principle of the world—that self is to be the first spring of action; but, flying from the noisy tumult of society, they live in calm seclusion, passing their time in alleviating the sorrows and afflictions of suffering mortals. They leave the city with its glare and bustle, its pomp and vain show; they heed not its allurements, nor lend an ear to the strains of the syren of pleasure; but, flying from all its distractions, they have buried themselves amid the solitude of the Alps. In the monks of St. Bernard, the usual charges alleged by prejudiced writers, ascribed to individuals of this order—their indolence and apathy—seem entirely to be given up. Their time is not passed in idleness and inactivity: No; they leave the lone retirements of their monastic retreat, to rescue from a miserable death, the weary, way-worn traveller. Attended by those faithful animals, whose vigilance and wondrous instinct have claimed the admiration of mankind, they go on their errand of mercy, listening, if amid those awful solitudes and snowy heaps, they can hear the cries and groans of the bewildered traveller whom the avalanche has overwhelmed in all its fury. The tempest, though loud it may roar, cannot daunt those ministers of mercy; nor can the comforts of the fireside tempt them to remain at home in security. They pause not, to consider, whether there is safety in the undertaking; the greater the danger, the more urgent is the call; and when, after a long life spent in the active discharge of those heavenly duties, they leave this world, oh! there are angel spirits hovering near, to bear them to the mercy-seat of Love. Their sinless lives were dwelling amid the purity of the Alpine hills with every thought bent on heaven and charity. Oh! have they not attained that holiness of which the beauty of those hills is but an emblem? And when their angel guardian presents their spirits to the Eternal God, that sentence, so full of love and benediction, is pronounced on them: "Come ye blessed of my Father possess the kingdom prepared for you."

EXTRACT

FROM "A DISCOURSE ON GENERAL WASHINGTON, DELIVERED IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. PETER, BALTIMORE, FEB. 22, 1800. BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP CARROLL.

When the death of men distinguished by superior talents, high endowments, and eminent services to their country, demand the expression of public mourning and grief, their loss is accompanied generally with this mitigation, that, however grievous and painful, it is not irreparable; and

that the void, caused by their mortality, will perhaps be filled up by others, uniting equal abilities with the same zeal and watchfulness for the general welfare. Hope then wipes off the tears, with which sorrow bedews the grave of departed worth. But, on the present occasion, no such consolation can be administered; for he whose expectations are most sanguine, dares not promise again to his country, the union of so many splendid and useful virtues, as adorn that illustrious man, whose memory excites our grateful and tender sensibility, and to whose tomb the homage of his country is to be solemnly offered on this day. Whether we consult our own experience, by bringing into comparison with Washington, any of our contemporaries, most eminent for their talents, virtues and services; or whether we search through the pages of history to discover in them a character of equal fame; justice and truth will acknowledge, that he stands super-eminent and unrivaled in the annals of mankind; and that no one before him, acting in such a variety of new and arduous situations, bore with him to the grave a reputation as clear from lawless ambition, and as undefiled by injustice or oppression; a reputation, neither depressed by indolence, nor weakened by irresolution, nor shadowed by those imperfections, which seemed to be the essential appendages of human nature, till Providence exhibited in Washington this extraordinary phenomenon.

What language can be equal to the excellence of such a character? what proportion can exist between eloquence, and the tribute of praise, due to so much virtue? Nevertheless, my fellow citizens, I read in the eagerness of your attention, your desire to offer this tribute: Methinks I hear your filial piety, your tender reverence for your best friend, the Father of his country, calling on me to bear for you, at least a feeble testimony of your unextinguishable gratitude for his services, your immortal remembrance of, and veneration for, his virtues. In your name therefore, I presume to add some grains of incense to the homage, which, throughout the United States, every friend to their happiness now presents at the shrine of Washington. Pardon, O departed spirit of the first of heroes! if with the cold accents of an exhausted imagination, I likewise dare attempt to celebrate thy name, whilst so many sons of genius, ardent in youthful vigour, delineate in glowing colours the vivid features of thy mind, and the glorious deeds of thy virtuous life. With unequal steps I venture on the same career, not seeking to add lustre to the fame of Washington, or perpetuate his memory to future times; for he is already enshrined in the records of immortality: but humbly hoping, that a recital of his services will open to our countrymen the road to true honor, and kindle in their breasts the warmth of generous emulation, and real patriotism. To contribute in this manner to the best interests of his beloved country, will be to him the most gratifying commendation, if in the regions of immortality, human affairs still claim a share of his solicitude.

The language uniformly held by Washington, the maxim invariably inculcated, and repeated by him in almost every public manifestation of his sentiments, was the acknowledgment of a superintending providence, preparing, regulating, and governing all human events, for the accomplishment of its eternal purposes, and pre-disposing the instruments, by which they are to be effected. Religion and observation had taught him, that God's provident wisdom *reacheth from end to end mightily, and disposeth all things sweetly.* Wis. ch. 8. He contemplated with Christian piety, and the philosophy of a sage, the most remarkable revolutions and occur-

rences of former, as well as his own times ; and learned therefrom to refer every human event to the moral government of a Supreme Inteligent Being. This became the polar star, by which he was guided in his progress through life, and in all his anxious solicitude for maintaining the liberty, perfecting the policy, preserving the peace, insuring the stability of his country on the foundations of order, and morality, and guarding it against the turbulence of faction, licentiousness, and foreign hostility.

This virtuous maxim of religious, moral, and political wisdom, so deeply impressed upon him, never perhaps was more clearly illustrated, than by the course of providence in preparing and adapting his body and mind to suit the destinies of his life. He was to be himself a most luminous proof of that truth, which was so rooted in his soul.

That infinite knowledge, which, in its comprehensive range through the whole extent of creation, embraces the future, no less distinctly, than past and present contingencies, beheld the period approaching, when this vast portion of America, now constituting the United States; this country spread through so many climates; so diversified in its productions ; so abundant in natural resources ; so benefitted by land and water ; so admirably calculated for the employment of industry, and for affording subsistence to millions and millions, was to break the bonds of its ancient connection with Great Britain, and, emancipated from vassalage, elevate itself to the station of a great, powerful, and independent empire !

A convulsion so violent in the political system of Europe and America, involved the demolition of deeply rooted habits and opinions. The associations arising out of consanguinity, habitual intercourse, unity of government, identity of laws, language and religion, were to be melted down before that wonderful revolution could be completed. A new people, unconscious before, of their own strength, were to feel in their physical and moral energies the ripeness of manhood. Accustomed to respect the nation with which they would have to contend, as irresistible in arms, and inexhaustible in resources, they must dare, nevertheless, to make the vigorous effort, and conceive a reliance on their own native strength. Powerful interests, the necessary effects of long established government, would naturally counteract every tendency towards its downfall ; but these interests were to be resisted by force, and overcome by the enthusiastic ardor of patriotism.

To superintend the movements and operations of such a revolution ; to control during its progress jealousies, enmities, suspicions, and other conflicting passions, and from their collision, to educe national and individual prosperity, peace, order, liberty and regular government, required the discernment and masterly contrivance of that Supreme Director and Artist, who unites together the links, and holds in his hands the chain, of all human events. Contemplating, as much as is allowed to feeble mortals, his divine agency in preparing the means and conducting the progress, of the American revolution, we may presume to say, that heaven impressed a character on the life of Washington, and a temper on his soul, which eminently qualified him to bear the most conspicuous part, and be its principal instrument in accomplishing this stupendous work.

For him it was decreed, in the progression of his life, to defend, and ultimately to establish, by just and necessary warfare, the liberties of his country.

I need not recapitulate the origin of the discontents between Great Britain, and her American dependencies. Suffice it to say, that America viewed

the claims of the parent country, as incompatible with her freedom and happiness. The great soul of Washington revolted at the idea of national degradation; but tempering his ardor with deliberate wisdom, he associated with other sages of his country, to meditate on her new and critical situation.

Here, let us pause, fellow-citizens, to contemplate this exalted man, revolving in his breast, the natural and social rights of human kind; comparing these with actual and impending grievances, and with the obligations of an allegiance due to a long established government. Had lawless ambition reigned in his breast, he would have decided the public voice for immediate hostility. But in this point, also, Providence destined him to leave a memorable and a salutary example. He was not dazzled by the prospect of being elevated to the chief command of the military force of America. In his opinion, nothing could justify a recurrence to the sword, and a revolt from established authority, but extreme necessity. All reasonable means of redress should be tried, before a good citizen will dissolve the fabric of government, and expose a people to the convulsive shocks of a revolution, the explosions of which, no considerate man can promise to regulate, or foresee their termination.

Washington and his colleagues, obeying at the same time, the dictates of patriotism and the duty of allegiance, represented their wrongs to their sovereign, and claimed their rights. On the event of their remonstrance, depended the redress of their grievances, or, if no redress followed, their justification for standing on their defence. Britain would not relent, and all that remained to America, was submission or resistance. The election was soon made, every one prepared himself for the awful contest, and all eyes and hopes were turned towards Washington. With universal approbation, he was summoned to place himself in the front of danger, and assume supreme military command. The possession of such a citizen, at a moment so critical, was an invaluable treasure, and an animating presage of the favorable issue of the great contest.

But far other thoughts absorbed his attention. Modest, as he was eminent in valor and wisdom, he contemplated with mingled emotions of self-diffidence and generous resolution, the important stake placed in his hands; the subjection or independence, the vassalage or freedom of an immense territory, destined to be the habitation of countless millions. When, therefore, in obedience to the voice of his country, he placed himself at the head of her army, the expressions of his dependence on Providence, should never be forgotten. Claiming no personal merit—apprehensive of injuring the public interest, through some misconduct, yet trusting to the justice of his cause, and conscious of the purity of his motives, he called upon his fellow-citizens to remember, that he depended for success, not on his own military skill, but on the God of battles, to whom he made his solemn appeal.

Washington, now at a period of his highest elevation, drew on him the attention, not only of this western continent, but of every European nation. Oh! fellow-citizens, what days and years of anxious disquietude revolved over us, whilst we gazed on this splendid luminary, uncertain whether it would shed on its country, the effulgence of victory and peace, crowned by liberty; or whether its brightness would be shadowed by the clouds of disaster and defeat!

Here language fails: I dare not, I cannot follow the heroic Washington in the career of his military glory. To baffle the stratagems of the ablest generals, to repel the onset of the bravest and best disciplined armies, what had America to place in his

hands? Neither soldiers trained to arms, nor accustomed to subordination; nor the implements of war, nor the treasure to purchase them. But the genius of the commander finally supplied every deficiency. He introduced order and discipline; inspired love and confidence; and with these auxiliaries, he kept together unclothed and unpaid armies, which, under any other general, would, perhaps, have demanded justice at the point of their bayonets. Always vigilant to foil hostile attempts, he exhausted the resources of the enemy, without suffering them to force him to action. Tender of the blood of his fellow soldiers, and never exposing their lives without cause, or prospect of advantage, humanity was as dear to him as victory, which his enemies, that fell into his power, always experienced. When a decree of retaliation became necessary to restrain their licentious excesses, with what delicacy, without the least abatement of fortitude, did he save the life of the victim, devoted to atone for the cruelty, that had been committed on an American officer? not, however, till he had compelled the opposing general to restrain, and disavow outrages, that aggravate so much the necessary evils of war. How sacred was his respect to the civil authority; how effectual his protection of the property of his fellow-citizens! When the generous feelings of the virtuous and beneficent Louis, whose deplorable fate should draw tears of blood from every American heart, sent out his nobles and legions, to combat by his side, the dignity of his manners and his unassuming merit, won their entire confidence. His integrity and conciliating spirit united, as a band of brothers, nations before unknown to each other, and totally different in manners, habits and religion. Their union, of which he was the soul, was a new omen of victory, and gained for America the prize for which she had bled and contended, an honorable peace, and independence.

What but unfading laurels, remained now for Washington, after satisfying his honest ambition, and steering the vessel of the American republic, through so many storms, into the safe harbor of liberty and tranquillity? It remained for him to leave this important lesson to the chiefs of armies, vested with great commands: that magnanimity and true glory consist in laying down their swords at their country's feet, when the object is attained, for which alone it was permitted to draw them. It remained for him, after abdicating public employments, to exhibit in the shade of retirement those private virtues, which are the true foundations of national prosperity. Dutiful to this moral principle, Washington, before he left his army, stipulated for no personal reward, and even refused all that could be offered. Unmindful of himself, he was only solicitous to obtain for his faithful legions, a generous and liberal acknowledgment of their constancy and valor. This being effected, as far as it depended on him, he resigned the insignia of his command, to those from whom he had received it, and resumed the rank of a private citizen, carrying with him into his domestic retreat, the esteem, respect and veneration of an admiring world.

Here the curtain drops, and seems to close for ever from the public eye, and public duty, this wonderful man. His country has no more right to disturb his calm repose. He has paid, superabundantly, her claim to his services. But the views of Providence over him are not yet completed. Peace and independence are obtained; but to preserve them, experience soon made it manifest, that to invigorate with one spirit, the vast mass of population throughout the United States, one general superintending government was essentially requisite, which, saving the rights of all, should like-

wise be competent to command the services of all for the public weal, to maintain order within, and repel aggression from abroad; enforce the demands of justice, and diffuse over important national acts, dignity, energy, unity of design, and execution: Washington's penetration soon discovered the want of such a government, and in a paternal, affectionate address to his countrymen, had bequeathed to them, as a legacy, his earnest recommendation for its establishment.

Various causes delayed the execution of this necessary work, till the edifice of American independence, unsupported by its necessary pillars, was crumbling into ruin. Then every friend to his country remembered Washington's fatherly advice; every patriotic hand was ready to prop up the tottering fabric. Wisdom and experience combined to blend in a republican form of government, all the advantages, of which other forms are productive, without many of their evils. Our illustrious deliverer presided at the deliberations which produced it. The American people besought him once more to quit his beloved retreat, and perfect a work, of which he had been the first founder, and a principal architect. The earnestness of their request overpowered his reluctant mind; he could not resist their unanimous wishes, nor could any personal danger stand in competition with the advancement of general happiness. Yet, how immense were his sacrifices! how perilous his hazards! Sacrifices, known only to them, who, having spent their best years in transactions that keep every nerve on the stretch, are permitted in the evening of their days, to taste of the calm repose of rural felicity, and the solace of domestic endearments. Disheartening was the prospect in venturing again on the agitated ocean of national responsibility. There existed not in the world a name so bright as his; no character stood on such lofty pre-eminence. Shall he expose these, to the capricious fluctuations of popular opinion? Shall he embark the treasure of a reputation purchased by so many services, on a sea, sown thick with the rocks of envy, pride and disappointment? These were sufficient to appal a heart less sublime, and less inflamed with genuine patriotism. But such considerations had no effect on him, and he took into his hands the helm of the state.

What were the effects of his administration? Are we not deceived by magical delusion, or, is the transformation which our senses witness, really effected? Have the United States risen from a lethargic, impoverished, degraded condition, to activity, opulence and respect? Does the farmer receive a generous retribution for industry? Does the merchant cover the seas with his ships, conveying to every clime the productions of our native soil? Does the public creditor obtain security and payment for his generous reliance on national faith? Does justice dispense her equitable awards to every suitor approaching her sanctuary? Do distant nations respect the councils, and solicit the friendship of the United States? Are the natives of every land wafted to our shores, as to the refuge of peace, the residence of true liberty? Yes, fellow-citizens, this is not delusion. These are the real effects, and monuments of Washington's administration. Yet it was thwarted and embarrassed by internal opposition and foreign intrigue. Scarce had we tasted of the sweets of peace, enlivened by industry and commerce, when attempts were made to ravish from us these inestimable blessings, and plunge us into the horrors of war: not only of war, but of a war of that kind, which connecting our interests and fate with that of a country, delivered up to anarchy, and a prey to frantic, outrageous passions, would

have tended to extinguish amongst us the principles of morality; inflame us with the rage of innovation; intoxicate us with delusive, ruinous theories of government; and, most probably, would have substituted them for that excellent constitution, which is, and may it long continue to be, our pride and happiness. But, thanks to thy immortal spirit, oh! ever dear and venerable father of thy country, thy wisdom discerned the approaching storm, and thy wisdom baffled its violence. Our peace and constitution remain to us, unimpaired. No foreign influence dictated to the councils of America. She increased in vigor; she rose in character; and by self-government, by keeping herself disentangled from the strifes of contending nations, she evinced herself worthy of her independence.

After settling his country in this desirable state, Washington had fulfilled the destinies of that Providence, which formed him for the exalted purpose of diffusing the choicest blessings over millions of men, and preparing the same for millions yet unborn. His wish to bury himself again in the shades of retirement returned on him with redoubled force, to hide, if possible, his greatness from the world, and in the sweet repose of domestic life, diversified, however, by useful and honorable occupations, to forget his past glory. The last act of his supreme magistracy, was, to inculcate in the most impressive language on his countrymen, or, rather, on his dearest children, this, his deliberate and solemn advice: to bear incessantly in their minds, that nations and individuals are under the moral government of an infinitely Wise and Just Providence; that the foundations of their happiness are morality and religion; and their union among themselves, their rock of safety; that, to venerate their constitution and its laws, is to insure their liberty. Then he took his tender farewell of public employments, devoting the remainder of his precious life to a commendable self-review of it, through all its vicissitudes and agitations; a review, for which every wise man, knowing his accountability to a Sovereign Judge, should allot time, and make opportunity.

After endeavoring thus far, to satisfy our common duty to our illustrious deliverer, before I conclude, I am earnest, my fellow-citizens, to leave impressed on you, in strong characters, some principal features of his mind, and furnish you with short memorials of his most remarkable actions, hoping thereby to perpetuate your gratitude, and incite you to emulate his virtues. Happily, to supply my inability, I find this task executed, as it would seem, by the spirit of prophecy, and in the language of inspiration, in the 8th chapter of the book of *Wisdom;* where the author's expressions need no comment to appropriate them to Washington. So striking the resemblance! so true is the picture! Here are the words of the inspired writer: "I purposed, says he, to take wisdom with me to live with me, knowing that she will communicate with me of her good things, and will be a comfort in my care—for her sake I will have glory among the multitude, and honor with the ancient, though I am young; and—I shall be admired in the sight of the mighty, and the faces of princes shall wonder at me. By the means of her I shall have immortality, and shall leave behind me an everlasting memory to them that come after me. I shall set the people in order, and nations shall be subject to me. Terrible kings hearing, shall be afraid of me; among the multitude I shall be found good and valiant in war. When I go into my house, I shall repose myself with her; for her conversation hath no bitterness, nor her company any tediousness, but joy and gladness. Thinking these things with

myself, and pondering them in my heart, that to be allied to wisdom, is immortality; I went about seeking, that I might take her to myself."

In this picture, every stroke of the pencil exhibits traits of Washington. The early maturity of his judgment, was the result of his youthful conferences with wisdom. She initiated him into her councils, and procured for him love, respect, honor, confidence, authority and command. She enabled him to "set the people in order" by good government, and an impartial, disinterested administration of it; when all public duties were fulfilled, and he "went to his house" to repose himself, "no tediousness or bitterness" mingled themselves in their conversation; but "joy and gladness," serenity of mind, and the pleasing conviction of conscious integrity.

Providence having preserved and lengthened his days, that he might rear up his country in the infancy of her independence, suffered him now to withdraw himself from the disquietudes of government. He had infused the spirit of his administration into all its departments. His excellent successor inherited, not only the mantle of his office, but his wisdom, firmness, and love of peace, subordinate only to a determination of never purchasing it at the price of national dishonor.

Washington beheld from his retirement, as the Jewish legislator from the summit of Mount Phasga, the flourishing prosperity of his country. Health and rural occupations sweetened his repose; his body and mind retained their usual vigor. We flattered ourselves with the expectation of his continuing long to retain them. Joy beamed in our hearts, when on every annual revolution, we gratefully hailed this, his auspicious birth-day. But, alas! how dark is the cloud, that now overshadows it! The songs of festivity converted into the throbs of mourning! The prayers of thanksgiving for his health and life, changed into lamentations for his death! Who feels not for him, as for his dearest friend, his protector, and his father? Whilst he lived, we seemed to stand on loftier ground, for breathing the same air, inhabiting the same country, and enjoying the same constitution and laws, as the sublime and magnanimous Washington. He was invested with a glory, that shed a lustre on all around him. For his country's safety, he often had braved death, when clad in his most terrific form: he had familiarized himself with his aspect; at his approaching to cut the thread of his life, he beheld him with constancy and serenity; and with his last breath, as we may believe from knowing the ruling passion of his soul, he called to heaven to save his country, and recommended it to the continual protection of that Providence, whom he so reverently adored. May his prayers have been heard! May these United States flourish in pure and undefiled religion, in morality, peace, union, liberty and the enjoyment of their excellent constitution, as long as respect, honor and veneration, shall gather round the name of Washington; that is, whilst there shall be any surviving record of human events.

ORATION BEFORE THE HIBERNIAN PROVIDENT SOCIETY OF NEW-HAVEN.

BY W. E. ROBINSON.

[This is, indeed, a comprehensive and instructive production, couched in a style becoming the subject, and breathing a spirit of candor, liberality and patriotism, highly honorable to its author. The more so, as he is not a member of that church which was founded by St. Patrick, in his native island. On the contrary, from his own avowal, he was trained up in bitter prejudices against it, and it is only recently that he has thrown the scales from his eyes, and discovered the groundlessness of his aversion to the ancient religion. In his own words:]

"It was not till after my arrival here, that I began to think for myself; and for the liberality of my views at present, I ascribe all the credit to the influence of free and tolerant institutions, on even a prejudiced mind. I acknowledge my fault with sorrow; and yet with satisfaction, too, when I know that I cannot be guilty in this respect again. I have made up my mind, after examining for myself, and neither the persecution I may meet from old friends, nor the unpopularity which certainly follows a frank avowal of tolerant principles, can move me from my position. I am ashamed of the opinions which I formerly held, but not ashamed to forsake and confess them, and if doing *penance* will help me along, I am willing to endure reproach and contumely, to atone for my former sins. The principal cause of the change in my feelings, was the reflection that I had despised the real benefactors of my native country.

When I looked at the history of Ireland, I saw that Irish Catholics still fought on the side of Ireland. I found them arrayed in battle against foreign tyranny, under Sarsfield and Emmet, and all the other Irish patriots. I found them uniting cordially with Protestants as volunteers, when Protestants, for once, arrayed themselves on the side of Ireland. On the contrary, I found Protestants fighting, not to free, but to plunder Ireland. I found them supporting Cromwell, who acted in Ireland more like a fiend than a man. I found them joined with hired myrmidons from Germany, who fought for William, against the native prince and against the native army of the land. I found that Protestants rejoiced over the desolating march of these hired butchers, who, like the Hessians in the American revolution, sold their blood and services for money, to crush the persecuted few who were fighting for their country. I found that Protestants ridiculed Ireland's apostle, and sneered at the memory of Curran, Grattan, Fitzgerald, Emmet, Tone, Mac Nevin, Sampson, and all the other patriots of Ireland, whom tyrants have called traitors, &c."

[The scope of his oration, is to show the claims the Irish nation have on the sympathies and fellowship of Americans: and this, in our opinion, he has entirely effected. For, we defy any ingenuous reader to go through his pages attentively, without being willing, nay, compelled, to admit that those claims are manifold, and of the highest possible character.

After taking a cursory view of Ireland, before the Christian era, and shewing that from immemorial ages, she acquired the title of the "Sacred Isle," as early as the merchants of Tyre and the trade of the tin of Cassiterides, he gives a dissertation on her language, and an account of the triennial parliament of Tara, not forgetting her music, poetry and heraldry. He then enters upon the history of St. Patrick, whose birth-place he fixes at Boulogne. A fact, which, although, from his investigations, he may have discovered strong reasons to vindicate, still

Adhuc sub judice lis est.

With great clearness and precision, he conducts his readers through the long and arduous life of Patrick; and does not hesitate—and with considerable honesty—to defend the miracles which are related of him. Justly does he attribute all the civilization, and characteristic religion of that famous isle, to the zeal, labors and success, of her immortal apostle. Justly does he insist upon the blessings and prosperity which she enjoyed when she governed herself, and the miseries and calamities, that have been her portion since she has fallen under the yoke of England. He amply develops several interesting points. For instance, that no nation has suffered so much, for so little in return, as Ireland. There, extirpation has been preached for gospel, and murder for salvation. Ireland is not what Providence designed her to be, but what tyranny has made her. Glancing at the character of the maids of Erin, he draws a correct picture of their virtue, which the United States will bear witness to, and which the very enemies of their nation and religion cannot but acknowledge with reluctant admiration. He says:]

"I cannot, in justice, close my remarks on Ireland, without making an observation on a theme too much overlooked, I mean the character of Irishwomen. Good, as some of the traits in the character of Irishmen are, the daughters of Erin are more remarkable for their virtues. You may search the world, and you cannot find a nation where the female character is so admirable, in spite of so many disadvantages. I might mention their tenderness, care, and fidelity at the dying bed; I might mention their undying attachment to the children even of strangers committed to their care; I might mention their virtues, which cast a halo of glory around the poverty through which they struggle, still keeping an unblemished reputation; and might appeal to Americans, who know and acknowledge that these things are so. Ay, and I might mention their beauty, too, without charge of flattery. But lest my word might be doubted, I shall give you a portrait drawn by a master hand, of an Irish lady of the olden time, and can assure you that you might find many copies in the same country, in our own day.

Fingal, hearing that his son Ossian, the poet and warrior, was attached to a lady of Caledonia, thus remonstrated in favor of an Irish girl: "My son, of the noble line of Heremonian heroes, thou gallant descendant of Erin's kings, the down of youth grows on thy cheek; martial renown is loud in thy praise; Romans fear thee—their eagles were dazzled by the lightning of thy spear: they flew before thee like timid birds before the hawks of Leinster. Is it in the morning of thy fame, bright with the sunbeams of martial glory, that thou wouldst ally thyself with the daughter of the Pict, and thus sully the royal purity of Milesian blood? Thy country is proud of thy exploits, and the royal virgins of Erin sigh for thy love. Cormac's bards sing of the deeds of thy bravery in the strife of the mighty. O, then, Ossian of dulcet harmony, listen to the voice of thy father. Albanian maids are fair, but fairer and lovelier are the chaste daughters of thine own wave-washed isle of wood-crested hills."

[But the most palpable ground on which he justly establishes the claims of Irishmen on the gratitude of Americans, are contained in the following facts:]

Among those who signed the De-

claration of Independence, I might mention several, who were born in this country, and therefore, native Americans, whose parents had come from Ireland a short time before their birth. EDWARD RUTLEDGE, a signer from South Carolina, was the youngest son of Doctor John Rutledge, who emigrated from Ireland a few years before Edward was born. The republican principles instilled into his young American heart, warmed by Irish blood, fitted him to take a prominent stand in urging independence on South Carolina, a great many of whose inhabitants, particularly those in the mercantile interest, were opposed to an open rupture with the mother country. The principles which he advocated prevailed, and he, after signing his name to that instrument, was elected to the office of governor of the state, and was also appointed a senator in the United States Congress. THOMAS MCKEAN, a signer from Delaware, was the son of Irish parents. He performed important services both in Congress and in the army, and was afterwards governor of Pennsylvania for nine years. GEORGE READ, of Delaware, a distinguished signer, was likewise the son of Irish parents. Nor would I forget to mention that Irish blood flowed in the veins of THOMAS LYNCH, Jun., of South Carolina, and warmed the heart of CARROLL of Carollton, who, to use the slang of the present day, was a Jesuit; for he studied six years at the English Jesuits' College at St. Omer's, (where O'Connell, in more modern times, was educated), and one year at the French Jesuits' College at Rheims.* He was the last lingerer on earth of that glorious band of patriots, whose actions blessed the world, and whose fame adds glory to the skies.

* Our orator falls into a mistake when he styles Mr. Carroll a Jesuit. He was, indeed, educated by Jesuits, but never belonged to the order himself.

But there are other signers of the Declaration of Independence, who were not only sons of Irishmen, but Irishmen themselves. MATTHEW THORNTON, of New Hampshire, was a native of Ireland. He was appointed first president of the government formed in that province on the abdication of Governor Wentworth, and occupied the highest offices in the gift of the people of New Hampshire, and was one of the three signers from that state. GEORGE TAYLOR, a signer from Pennsylvania, was born and educated in Ireland. Though the son of a clergyman, in his native land, he came to this country without money and without friends, and, on his arrival, was sold to a Mr. Savage, for money to pay the expenses incurred in carrying him to this country. He rose gradually from obscurity, and after the death of Mr. Savage, married his widow and inherited his property. In 1776, when the vote was taken by the delegations from the several colonies, that from Pennsylvania, had only one in favor of declaring this conntry's independence, owing to the prevalence of the pacific principles of the distinguished founder of that colony. A new election was therefore necessary, in the places of those opposed to hostilities. Two Irishmen, among others, were appointed, of whom Taylor was one. The other was JAMES SMITH, who emigrated to Pennsylvania while quite a young man. Mr. Smith was not only distinguished among the supporters of the Declaration of Independence, but he had the honor of organizing the first company of volunteers raised in Pennsylvania, for opposing the British. This was the beginning of that band of heroes, called *the Pennsylvania Line*, who, in the language of the London Morning Chronicle, "fought most bitterly against the English army," and, as appears from evidence taken before the British House of Lords, their number was about twenty

thousand. This Pennsylvania Line, as may be seen in one of Mr. Madison's letters, published in the Madison papers, complained of abuses and hardships to which they were subjected; and though, while in a mutiny in New Jersey, they had offers, made by a British agent, of full pardon from his majesty, if they would leave the government which had thus wronged them, they refused the offer with indignity, choosing to cling to the country which, in their opinion, had insulted them, rather than receive the favor of a monarch, at the expense of their adopted country's independence. In bringing about the revolution in the sentiments of the people of Pennsylvania, Col. Smith was one of the most active and influential agents. He signed the Declaration of Independence, after he had brought the minds of the people to coincide with the measure, and he raised up a brave soldiery, chiefly his own countrymen, to shed their blood in its defence.

But there was one who, though not a signer of the Declaration of Independence, must not be forgotten here. Charles Thomson was an Irishman. He came to this country with his three brothers, and when the first Continental Congress assembled in 1774, was chosen secretary of that venerable body. He continued to discharge the duties of that office for fifteen years. Having sat in council with the fathers of this republic, till its independence was declared, till its battles were fought, till its constitution was adopted, and till he had the honor —the highest ever secretary had—of announcing to George Washington that he was unanimously elected chief magistrate of a free people, he resigned his office, in 1789. When elected Secretary of Congress, he was forty-four years of age; but Providence blessed him with a long life, that he might see the fruits of his labor ripen. For half a century after the first congress assembled, he remained among a grateful people. In 1808, he published a translation of the Septuagint, in four volumes; and died in the full enjoyment of his faculties, at the age of ninety-four. I think, therefore, that these facts are sufficient to show that Irishmen had something to do with the Declaration of Independence.

But besides declaring this country free, it was necessary to sustain that declaration. Did Irishmen assist in this? In the army, I need scarcely remind you, that Montgomery was an Irishman. On your banner he is represented as delivering to America the record of his services, while Ireland points with pride to one who had done so much for the cause of freedom. Though Montgomery had resolved to retire from public life, and devote himself to rural pursuits on his farm in Duchess County, New York; yet Congress saw that the services of such a man were wanted, and he was therefore appointed brigadier-general. After receiving information of his appointment, in writing to a friend, he said: "The Congress having done me the honor of electing me a brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an end for a while—perhaps for ever—to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself. For though unexpected and undesired by me, yet *the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed.*" He did obey; and owing to the sickness of General Schuyler, the chief command of the northern department of the continental army devolved on Montgomery. You all know his melancholy fate in 1775, at Quebec, where he had fought under Wolfe, in 1759, as a British officer. But as long as a love for valor and patriotism remains, General Montgomery will not be forgotten.

Many others, among the most honored of the revolutionary leaders, were Irishmen; but on the present occasion I cannot even glance at their history.

In both our wars with England, they have remembered their oppressors, and have fought manfully for the land of their adoption. In 1783, Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, said in the Irish parliament, that "England had America detached from her by Irish emigrants." The late Dr. Mac Nevin says, that one of the pretexts for refusing emancipation to the Irish Catholics, was the fact, that *sixteen thousand* of them fought on the side of America. The Pennsylvania Line, as I have said, included a great many Irishmen, of whom a large proportion were Presbyterians, from Ulster. The navy of America, likewise, owes much of its fame to Irishmen, both in the first and second war with England. Commodore John Barry, an Irishman, was the father of the American navy. After serving in the revolutionary war, he superintended the building of the frigate "United States," of which he was afterwards commander. When hailed by a British frigate, "What ship is that?" he replied, "The frigate United States, saucy Jack Barry commander, half Irishman, half Yankee!—who are you?" During the revolutionary war, when the ice impeded his movements in the navy, he fought in the army, rather than remain inactive. Captain Johnston Blakeley, commanding the Wasp, was an Irishman. The Reindeer and the Avon, of the British navy, struck their colors to this brave, but ill-fated vessel. The gallant crew, with their daring commander, were lost at sea soon after the engagement with the Avon.

If any thing more was necessary to prove that Irishmen were distinguished in sustaining what Thornton, Smith, and Taylor had declared, I might refer to the commanders of the army and navy in all our struggles, for their opinions on the services rendered by Irishmen to America, in her hour of need. I shall quote but one sentence from Col. Johnson's speech, delivered at Lexington, Kentucky, a few weeks since. Gallant old Tecumseh says: "I have, with some of you, my fellow-citizens, fought by the side of the Irishman, in the ranks of liberty, under the star-spangled banner, against the Christian oppressor, as well as the savage foe. I have fought under the bird of Jove—the abiding eagle—by the side of the sons of the emerald isle. I have seen the Irishman fall in the ranks, and thank his God that he had one life to give to the cause of American freedom, and regret that he had not another life to lose for her sake. I have witnessed many an instance of their bravery in the field, and I know this country is largely indebted for its liberties to the brave and warm-hearted Irish, who never gave up a post but with their lives—who were never in any engagement shot in their backs. I have great confidence in the Irish people. * * * * Blood is the price that is sometimes paid for liberty; and if blood is to be shed for that sacred cause, there are no men on earth more ready to shed their blood at its sacred shrine, than Irishmen."

This oration proves Mr. Robinson to be a sincere lover of his native land, a good citizen of this Union, free from the leaven of ancient prejudice against the Catholic church, a vindicator of the virtues, and a venerator of the memory, of St. Patrick; while, at the same time, he gives evidence of deep research, refined scholarship, correct reasoning, and a pleasing, animated style. We thank him for his admirable oration, and lay it down with regret, after having perused it with intense interest and unqualified delight.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES,

IN THE PASCHAL TIME.*

Paschale mundo gaudium, &c.

I.

The sun, announcing to the world
The paschal joys, more beauteous seems:
For now the apostles Jesus see
Refulgent with its earliest beams.

II.

And much they marvel to behold
Each wound as brilliant as a star:
And what with their own eyes they view
True witnesses—they preach afar.

III.

O Christ! O thou most clement king,
O'er all our hearts thy sway extend;
That to thy name our well-earned thanks
May ever gratefully ascend.

IV.

That thou the paschal joy may'st be,
O Jesus, to our hearts and minds;
Give us new life, and break the chain
Of guilt our consciences that binds.

V.

To God the Father, and the Son
From death who rose triumphantly,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Glory for endless ages be.

HYMN FOR MANY MARTYRS.†

Christo profusum sanguinem, &c.

I.

With joyful voices let us sing
The blood the martyrs shed—who now
Enjoy amid the realms of bliss,
The laurels which they won below.

* At Lauds.

† At Matins, in the paschal time.

II.

The world's fell power they triumphed o'er,
The sufferings of the body spurned:
And yielding to the stroke of death
Life everlasting they have earned.

III.

Amid devouring flames they die,
Or by ferocious beasts consumed,
Or by the executioner's hand
To expire, in cruel torture, doomed.

IV.

Their bowels were barbarously torn out,
Their sacred blood streamed copiously:
But firmly did they bear their pains,
With hopes of immortality.

V.

Thee, blest Redeemer, we entreat
That us thy servants thou wouldst deign
To place among thy martyr-band,
That with them we may ever reign.

FOR MANY MARTYRS.*

Rex gloriose Martyrum, &c.

I.

Oh! thou, the glorious martyrs' king,
Their crown, who dared thy name confess;
Whom, spurning every earthly thing,
Thou lead'st to heavenly happiness.

II.

Incline to these our songs of praise
A tender and propitious ear;
Whilst we these sacred trophies raise,
Command our guilt to disappear.

III.

Thine is the martyrs' victory,
The strength of the confessors blest;
Oh! conquer our iniquity,
And let thy mercy stand confest.

IV.

To God the Father, glory be
And to the Son arisen again,
And Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Through all eternity—Amen.

* At Vespers.—In the paschal time.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER V.

Voila l'homme en effet; il va du blanc au noir,
Il condamne du matin ses sentimens du soir.
BOILLEAU.

The sun, which had now advanced, with its flaming orb, to the meridian, reminded Elizabeth, that it was time for her guests to return to the Hall; the conversation she had been engaged in on subjects in which she began to feel so deep an interest, had given wings to the morning.

"Mamma," she said, "is, I fear, out of patience, and knows not what detains us so long—though I candidly avow, that the hours have sped with the velocity of the lightning."

"A manifest proof that the subject of our disquisitions has been agreeable to you, Elizabeth," said Emilie. "And, indeed, how much more of real pleasure is derived from the study of such topics, than from the confusion of politics, or the giddy vanities of the ball-room, or even the discussions of literary criticism. As for Charles, he must indeed be in earnest, for there are few who take more delight in literature, and in elegant criticism than he does."

"I admit it, Constantia," he replied: "literature is my greatest delight, after religion; and it is a pity, that our modern literary men are not more impressed with the necessity of faith; and convinced of the compatibility, nay, congeniality, of one with the other. Fenelon was a pious prelate, and a most elegant scholar, and a poet of the highest order, as his Telemaque proves. Some of the very best scholars of the age were Priests, and what is worse," he added with an emphasis, "Jesuits: look at Vaniere, Commire, La Rue, Rapin, in France, alone, to whom I might add hundreds of others in almost every part of Europe."

Conversing on these and similar topics, they returned to the "Indian Hall:" and as they approached, the Colonel, who was, according to his custom, taking his walk through the grove, met them with great cordiality and friendship.

"You have been rambling to the water-side, Elizabeth, with your visiters," he said. "The day is clear, and the waters are alive with vessels."

"Yes, papa, and we are now hurrying back to dinner. In such company," she added, "time passes rapidly."

"You remember the song, my daughter.

'For, who with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all the sands are diamond-sparks,
That dazzle as they pass.'

"But do not let me detain you—your mamma and sister are looking for you—and I shall follow you immediately."

"How little does papa suspect what has been the subject of our walk and conversation," said Elizabeth, "were the idea to enter his mind, I fear he would forget his usual urbanity and kindness."

"You must endeavor to prepare him for it, Elizabeth," said Emilie—"God does not require you to do any thing that might endanger your peace and happiness."

"Almighty God is all goodness: he knows my heart—he is acquainted with my dispositions: he will be satisfied with my convictions."

They now reached the "Hall."—On the porch, inhaling the balmy air, and intently reading, sat Caroline. "There," exclaimed Elizabeth, pointing to her, "is a perfect model of industry: for, meet her where you will, you always find her with her needle or her book."

"Were I not so well known to our friends," returned Caroline, "the compliment might go down, Elizabeth, but unfortunately, Paulina and Mr. Clermont, too, have often seen me unemployed."

"The mind must relax itself, Miss Caroline," said Charles. "Like the bow, its strings must be occasionally undone, otherwise——"

"Mine, I fear, is too often relaxed, —yet I must confess, that reading is my delight."

"Hardly a novel appears that she does not devour," said Elizabeth.

"I believe I have read all the popular ones," returned Caroline.

"How many sermons have you ever read, Caroline?" asked Paulina, winking at Elizabeth.

"I am just reading a kind of one now," she replied, "and really, Paulina, I am half inclined to think that the author was a Roman Catholic."

"Well, Caroline, I never could have suspected *you* of reading any Roman Catholic production," said Elizabeth.

"If the author's name were prefixed as being a Catholic, I doubt very much whether I should be induced to read the work: for in truth—and our dear friends will not be offended with me for expressing my feelings frankly—"

"By no means, Miss Caroline;" interrupted Charles, "we know to what to attribute your prejudices."

"I know not that it is prejudice; but my aversion to any thing belonging to the Catholic church, is insuperable."

"You may be convinced that it is prejudice, Caroline," said Emilie.

"And you are bound to take every opportunity of informing yourself," added Paulina.

"No controversy, now, Paulina: I will not enter on it."

"I am not anxious to bring on a controversy, Caroline; but I cannot but insist on your examining into these subjects."

"My mind is made up."

"Made up on what subjects, Caroline?"

"That the Unitarians are the best of all Christians—and that it is not necessary to trouble myself about controversy."

"Are you convinced, then, that there are *not* three persons in God."

"Paulina, *how* can three make one?"

"Are you convinced that Christ is not Divine?"

"Why ask such a question; *how* can God be man?"

"Have you read the Scriptures, my dear?"

"Every Sabbath, I read several chapters."

"Do you think you understand what you read, Caroline?"

"Why should I read what I do not understand?"

"Well, what do you make out of the first chapter of St. John: 'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD?'"

"I beg you, Paulina, to desist; I cannot bear controversy."

"Perhaps, if you will not engage in controversy, Miss Caroline, you will have no objection to read to us the Catholic sermon that you were poring over, when we first came."

"I give you to understand it was a sermon—it is not so termed, otherwise, I do not think I should have attempted to get through it—it is a vision—prettily written; and I will read it with pleasure:

'On returning from a visit to the city, at a season when it was most gay, I sat myself down under an ancient, and I might properly term it, an hereditary oak-tree, whose broad but hoary branches seemed to expand to afford me a shade and a solitude. In a few moments, I fell into a state of pleasing insensibility, when I had the following vision. Methought a spirit, arrayed in light, stood before me. The expression of whose countenance was meek as the rainbow, and whose features were mild, beautiful, and fair: with an eye radiant with sympathy, he paused, and looked steadfastly on me, and then gently taking my hand, he bade me not to fear. 'Fear not,' he said, 'young man, thou offspring of heaven, thou pilgrim on earth, arise, and follow me.' With a throbbing heart I obeyed, and tremblingly pursued the angel. He walked close at my side, and as he moved along, frequently shed upon me a smile, which was truly celestial: methought we journied on, until we arrived at the divarication of two roads, which suddenly stretched from each other, in an opposite direction. The one on the right was narrow, and as far as my eye could reach, appeared covered with thorns. That on the left was green, fragrant, and teeming with all the luxuries of spring. There bloomed the rose and every other flower, and zephyr sported amid the odors. Dazzled by the prospect, my eye fixed itself on that beautiful path, and I should have pursued it, had not the angel warned me to beware of the illusion. 'That path,' he said, 'leads the heart astray, my son; it conducts to the abode of GUILT, in which dwell also ANGUISH and REMORSE. The pageant vista that opens to the view, and the luxurious prospect it contains, is the mere path to sorrow, an avenue to wo. Turn thine eye upon that narrow way, which is on the left. Though the prospect there be barren, and solitary, depart not from it, for that is the path to HAPPINESS. At first, it will not afford any solace; you will rather experience much pain and uneasiness; but, be thou courageous, my son, and thy bosom shall be calmed by the joys of a good conscience, and the peace of VIRTUE.'

'Thanks,' I returned, 'fair messenger from the skies, for cautioning my unwary heart against that flowery way, that brilliant snare. None, save the favored being enlightened by a spirit of heaven, could avoid that path, where every object is tinged with the hue of bliss, and all conspires to charm the pilgrim to his ruin. Reckless now, of aught of pain, which thou sayest, I must, at first, experience, I shall, according to thy counsel, pursue the narrow way.'

'I ceased: my bosom still heaved, and my eyes streamed with tears.—Unable to continue, I looked steadfastly and feelingly at the angel, who wiped away my tears, and again took my hand, 'my son,' he said, 'as thou advancest with me, mark every object that shall present itself to thy view. How does the road *now* appear?' 'Ah,' I sighed, 'every thing around looks waste and melancholy.'

'Why does all around thee, look drear, my son? Ah, me! is it not because there are so few who have the courage to pursue this path?—There are many who follow it awhile, but growing impatient of the monotonous scenery, and perceiving nothing to cheer them on their journey, they return, and step into the path on the right; then over the green they trip, with their brows bound with flowers, dancing as they go, to the sound of music—they revel on, till they find themselves on the brink of Wo. Then the spell melts away: every shrub is blighted—every flower fades; and they are unable either to proceed or to return. In this desperate condition, they are left awhile to the pangs of their consciences, and are then swept

by the angel of death into the gulph of PERDITION. Not so, the narrow path which thou art pursuing: though, in the beginning, it is dark and painful, still lose not courage—thou mayest still descry, amid thy solitude, the tracks of some who have gone before thee; and bear in memory, this truth: that thou canst do what others have done. And soon shall the prospect be changed. For, as thou advancest towards the end of thy career, a place like Eden will brighten before thee, where thou wilt repose thy wearied frame, and waken in heaven. Say, then, young pilgrim, wilt thou persevere?'

'I will,' I answered with emotion and wept, when a large leaf falling from the tree upon my face, caused me to awake, instructed and encouraged, from my slumber.'

"What induces you to suppose that this is a papistical production, Caroline?" asked Emilie, taking the book into her hand.

"From the *two* roads," returned Caroline. "Is it not a maxim with you, Emilie, that there can be but *one* road to heaven, and the *other* leads to ——."

"I should suppose this is the doctrine of all Christians," replied Emilie; "for there can be no medium between truth and error."

"Take, for instance," urged Charles, "the two great points of dispute between us and the Unitarians. Christ IS Divine; Christ is NOT Divine; can there be any medium between two these contradictory propositions? Now, if the first be true, then you are in error, if the latter—"

"The latter is true," she exclaimed, interrupting him with warmth.

"In that case, the Unitarians *alone* are in possession of the truth; all other denominations admitting the divinity of Christ, are idolators."

"The Catholics are in error, at any rate," she persisted.

"Not more so than the Protestants in that particular," added Charles.

"Oh! I would not be a Catholic, for all the world!"

"Why not, Caroline?" asked Paulina.

"Have you ever read any thing that could give you a correct idea of the Catholic church?"

"There is no use in arguing, Paulina," she returned, "I would not be a Catholic for the world!"*

Mrs. Preston over-hearing the noise of disputation, sallied out on the portico with a manifest expression of uneasiness depicted on her countenance. She had the highest regard for the Clermonts, but she always evinced a fearfulness, lest their conversation with her daughters might leave upon their minds a favorable impression concerning the Catholic religion.—"What on earth has possessed you, my dears," she exclaimed, "to grow so noisy, are you disputing on religious matters?"

"Miss Caroline, dear madam, has been reading what she terms a Catholic effusion, styled 'the two paths,' and we have been commenting on the substance and doctrine which it contains," said Charles, with great composure and grace of manner.

"Mamma, we are on the old topic —the Divinity of Christ."

"My dear, you know my sentiments. I have taught you cautiously to avoid controversy; it is useless to dispute about matters of very little consequence after all."

"Pardon me, my dear madam, for disagreeing with you, here," said Charles, "the knowledge of truth is of infinite consequence; we must have faith, and the true faith; unless we believe, we shall be condemned.

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* This is just about the amount of reasoning which is made use of by most persons brought up under circumstances similar to those of the lady introduced. Powerful, indeed!

Thus are we taught in the holy Scriptures."

"We must have faith in Christ, certainly, my dear sir, but as to believing in the Trinity, I cannot, for an instant, imagine that such an incomprehensible doctrine could be required of us."

"If it is necessary only to believe in Christ, madam," replied Charles, "and of no consequence whether we admit him to be a Divine Being, or not, pray what was the use of his taking so much pains to instruct his apostles, and of preaching a system of religion so opposed to nature, and in open contradiction to perverse reason and the senses?"

"Do you think, Mr. Clermont," she urged, "that we shall be asked by the Supreme Judge, which religion we belonged to?"

"We undoubtedly shall be asked, dear madam, whether we believed, or not, in the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and fulfilled his commandments."

"Oh! say what you will," she rejoined, "I cannot think that you will be asked whether you were a Roman Catholic, or I, whether I was a Unitarian, provided you and I are sincere, and do no harm to society."

"Upon this principle, the Jew will not be asked whether he denied the Saviour, or not; whether he believed in him as the Christ, or rejected and condemned him as an impostor."

"The case is altogether different, sir," she returned.

"What difference do you perceive, madam?"

"Why, the Jew does not believe in Christ at all."

"Well, what material difference can there be between one who does not believe in the Messiah, and one who does not believe in the doctrines of the Messiah?"

"What are those doctrines, Mr. Clermont?" asked Mrs. Preston.

"Ah! there is the great point, at last, madam; what are those doctrines? Every Christian is bound to investigate and to find out what they are; and after discovering them is bound to admit them under pain of condemnation."

"I am perfectly well satisfied with my faith," said Mrs. Preston; "my daughters," she added, addressing herself with great emotion to Caroline and Elizabeth, "we have nothing to fear, we shall be saved as well as the Catholics, let them condemn us as they will."

"Who could doubt it, mamma?" said Caroline, "no enlightened man could entertain a shadow of doubt on the subject."

"We do not pretend to condemn individuals, Miss Caroline," said Charles, "but with regard to the necessity of doctrinal truths, I cannot but repeat the declaration of the Redeemer: he who believeth not shall be condemned."

Caroline arose, apparently much agitated. Elizabeth was silent and perplexed. She could not approve of what her mother insisted on, and, fearful lest the smallest symptom of disapprobation should manifest itself, she walked away to the farthest part of the portico and amused herself in adjusting a beautiful honey-suckle that climbed up the pillar. But she heard what was said, and a warm gush of feeling would occasionally fill her veins and mantle in her cheeks.

"My dear Mr. Clermont," added Mrs. Preston, "I am averse to controversy—I cannot endure religious disputations—you may be right—but God will not punish me for being wrong—if my life is that of a Christian."*

Mr. Clermont was on the point of

* This is generally the conclusion to which such disputants, as represented by Mrs. Preston, cleave, after all argument. At first, Catholics are wrong *at any rate*—afterwards *they may be right*—but God will not punish, or even judge error—if it be only *Protestant!*

answering this specious position, when the servant announced that the dinner was on the table, and the Colonel expecting them.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. JOHN ENGLAND, BISHOP OF CHARLESTON.

INSCRIBED TO THE VERY REV. JOHN POWER, D. D.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Where, Zeno! is all thy philosophy now?
Is thy doctrine less stern, or is nature more strong
Than in days when the spirit that dwelt on thy brow
Would frown down all feeling for right or for wrong?

Has the passionless principle perished with thee;
Or can man not perpetuate torpor of heart?
No! nature is ever too faithfully free
That the tide of her griefs should be frozen by art.

Weep on! 'tis not weakness! weep fountains of tears!
For that bright star is gone from the gaze of our eyes
Which, like Beth'lem's but led to the Promise of years,
Fulfilling the prophets—those men of the skies.

Thus Rama the voice of her weeping sent up
From the depth of her bosom when Samuel expired,
And in sorrow and bitterness drank of the cup
Of her suffering for him whom Jehovah had fired.

Nor less our bereavement—a chief of the cross—
A shepherd of Christ in the care of his fold!
His—his is the triumph and ours is the loss
For the heart that could teach us is silent and cold

With what an impressive and hallowed sound
The thunders of eloquence roll'd from his lips,
Yet with hope, like the sun shedding glory around
When, at eve, in the terror of ocean he dips.

The mercy and love which the gospel puts on,
With truth's solemn power were with judgment combin'd:
As truth like the bolt of the Thunderer shone
Around the olive of mercy was 'twin'd.

In friendship as true as the sun to the globe!
In wisdom a mind that embrac'd at a glance,
Without dimming the beautiful light of his robe,
The whole field of the faith to its farthest expanse.

The heavenlier virtues, however so bright,
In other men's breasts were unseen, undefin'd,
But in him, 'mid the heav'n of his ministry's height
They stood boldly reliev'd by his sunshine of mind:

In him were the Christian and patriot blent
With so gentle and yet so distinct a dominion,
That the deep love of country but seem'd to have lent
A mellower lustre to charity's pinion.

Though he reached not what time calls the fullness of years,
His life was a meteor shining tho' brief,
Which scattereth brilliancy as it careers
And leaves the beholder in darkness and grief.

Well,—well may we contemplate every phase
It assum'd in the transit for which it was given;
And, while lost in the Godhead's mysterious ways,
Acknowledge 'twas His who is highest in heaven.

DISCOVERIES OF THE ANCIENT SCANDINAVIANS IN NORTH AMERICA.

There have recently been found very ancient archives and manuscripts in Denmark, which prove, beyond controversy, that the Europeans knew of America, had commercial relations with it, and that Christianity was established here, before the days of Columbus. *The Society of Antiquarians* of the north, founded at Copenhagen, have published those manuscripts under the title of *Antiquitates Americanæ*, which present a summary of the ancient history of America, and notices of its geography, hydrography, and natural history. From these, we select the following interesting articles, as found in the *Echo du monde Savant.*

Voyage of Biarne Heriulfson.—In the year, 986, in the spring, Eric the Red, an exile from Iceland, went to Greenland, and fixed his residence at Brattalid in Ercesfiord. Many persons accompanied him in this voyage, and among others, Henriulf, son of Bard, who was a relation of Ingolf, the first settler of Iceland. His son, Biarne, made an excursion into Norway. On his return to Iceland, he was informed of the departure of his father, and he resolved, according to his custom, to go and spend the winter with him. Neither he nor his companions had ever navigated the sea of Greenland. Nevertheless, they set sail. During their voyage, they discovered many lands; and,

after twelve days of navigation, they arrived in the country which they were in search of, and landed at Heriulfnes in Greenland.

Discovery of Lief Ericson, and the first establishment of Vinland.—Sometime after this voyage, probably in 994, Biarne made a visit to Eric, prince of Norway, and informed him of the particulars of his voyage, and the lands he had discovered. The prince blamed him for not examining those countries with more attention. On his return to Greenland, there was question of undertaking a voyage of discovery. Leif, son of Eric the Red, purchased the vessel of Biarne, and embarked with thirty-five men, among whom was a German, by name Tyrker, who had resided a long time at his father's house. In the year 1000, these adventurers set sail, and reached the country which Biarne had seen. They beheld no fields, but vast glaciers through the interior of the country; and from the sea, as far as these glaciers, there stretched an immense plain of rocks. The land seemed void of every attraction, and they called it *Helluland.* They embarked—launched into the deep—and arrived at another land covered with trees. This they styled *Markland*—or, the land of trees. Thence, they started again, and navigating it with a wind from the northeast, they discovered, at the end of two days, an island bearing eastwardly from the land. They entered the straits which separated this island from a peninsula which made into the sea, from east to west. They steered westward. On landing, they reached a river which, coming from a lake, flowed into the sea. In this river, they anchored. They built huts of boards, at first, but afterwards, determining to spend the winter there, they erected larger edifices, which were called *Leifsbuder.* When these constructions were finished, Leif divided his companions into two bodies, who should, in turn, remain within, and make excursions into the country. He recommended that they should not go to too great a distance, nor separate from one another. It chanced, one day, however, that Tyrker disappeared. Leif went in search of him at the head of twelve men. They met, and when asked the cause of his absence, "I have not been far," he replied, "and yet I have a discovery to communicate to you. I have found vines and grapes." Leif named the country *Vinland.* In the spring he returned to Greenland.

Climate, produce, and natural history of ancient America.—The ancient writings on the expeditions of the Scandinavians, in North America, give us some characteristic notions of the climate of America, of the qualities of its soil, and consequently of its produce. The climate was so mild that it was not necessary, in order to raise cattle, to make a provision of hay for the winter; because, as there was no ice, the grass seldom withered. Warden describes the country in the following language: "The temperature is so bland, that vegetation seldom suffers from cold or dryness. It is styled the paradise of America, because it is so much superior, in climate and situation, to any other part of that country." And Hitchcock: "In going from Taunton to Newport, by the river Taunton and the bay of Mount Hope, the traveller perceives a beautiful scenery, magnificent points of view, and a smiling region. The historic reminiscences attached to them command his attention, and delight his mind." Such a country might well be called the *good country.* And this was the name by which it was designated by the ancient Scandinavians.

Produce and natural history.—The vine grew there naturally. This is a fact confirmed by Adam of Bremen, who lived in the eleventh century. This author asserts that he had learned it not from conjecture merely, but

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he authentic declaration of the Danes themselves; and he cites as his authority, King Sweyn Estrisdon, the nephew of Canute. Corn was also a natural production. When the Europeans afterwards came to this country, they found the *Indian corn*, which spontaneously sprang, in abundance, from the soil. It was one of their principal aliments.

There grew, also, a wood of remarkable beauty; a sort of *Acer rubrum*, or *Acer saccharinum*, which is now called *sugar maple*. In the woods, animals were in great variety; and this was the favorite abode of the Indians, on account of the abundance of game. The Scandinavians obtained, in exchange for their presents, fur skins and other such articles as the country produced. The islands were covered with birds, on which account, several of them were called *Egg-Islands*. The rivers abounded with fish, and especially excellent salmon. On the coast, whales were numerous. Whence, it is probable, the name of *Whale Rock*, which was given to a rock situated near the coast.

Besides the nautical and geographical documents which have been preserved in these ancient writings, one of the manuscripts contains, likewise, an astronomical index. It is stated, that the day and night were of a more equal length there, than in Greenland or Iceland; that on the shortest day, the sun rose at half-past seven o'clock, and set at half-past four: so that there were but nine hours in the day. These observations place the country we are speaking of, in 41 deg. 24 min. 10 sec. of latitude. Jeaconnet Point, and the northern cape of Connecticut Island, are in 41 deg. 26 min.; and Point Judith, in 41 deg. 23 min. These are the three capes which bound the mouth of Mount Hope Bay, called by the ancients *Hopsvatan*.

LETTER TO THE HON. AND REV. GEORGE SPENCER.

[This is the production of a convert from the Protestant Episcopal, to the Roman Catholic, church. The author's name is not given: but under the soubriquet of Americo-Catholicus, we recognise a distinguished personage, well known for his acquirements, and esteemed, on all sides, for his amiable and sincere character. We admire much the gentle and, at the same time, earnest, tone of the letter. And the apostrophe to the ever blessed Virgin, with which he concludes it, is but the heartfelt expression of deep and practical conviction.—We commend this effort to the public attention, and earnestly direct the candid Protestant to the following passage:]

How many a time have you and I, in our days, of what we rejoiced to call "Churchmanship," heard from men, who never doubted they were staunch Protestants, sober acknowledgments of the utter inefficiency and insufficiency of their Church, and frank, if not cordial admiration of the sacred majesty of the Catholic rite; of the sublime charity of the Catholic religion; of the never ending triumph of Catholic martyrs, and of the every where parent authority of the Catholic priesthood, with its consolations and its counsels, its indulgences and its restraints! Such men, with you, may be kept where they are by hopes *for* their church, but there are no such hopes here, nor does the deceitfulness of such hopes blind them. Nor is it the future struggle, the horror difficultatis, the labor certaminis, that holds

them back, but their spiritual as well as religious isolation, the stare super seipsum; and I verily believe there are hundreds and thousands of Episcopalians that would be *glad* to hear it said by all around them, "we will go into the house of the Lord."—Could the religious atmosphere of Oxford be created in any Protestant community here; could the religious dispositions, which, thank God, have always existed among the female portion of the Anglo-American race, begin to exist among the male; could the *men* of that communion here, be led to seek the grace of devotion and to practice *acts of Christianity*, they would not wait for the civil power nor for *their* church to "return to the reverential faith of other ages—to that high, and holy, and self-denying spirit of devotion and charity, which visibly embodied itself of old in our cathedrals and our abbeys"* of England, and to the church which is only ever and forever practically in possession of it," the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome. The Anglo-Americans are eminently a straightforward people; in right or wrong, *en avant* is their motto, and just as soon as they become animated by Catholic feelings will they cease to be satisfied with Protestant Communions. And so far as we are concerned on this side of the Atlantic, I, for one, care not if no new work of controversy be written from this day, for ever. Episcopalians may use their own editions of our sweet Thomas à Kempis, (alas! that they should be so different from the true one!) they may use their own beautiful Oxford prayers for unity—and even read their own "Catholic-minded" authors; I have no fear but that those, who are really *ready to take up their cross and follow* the Redeemer, will be led by Him to the Holy City.

And what after all is the obstacle —it would now seem *the* great obstacle— which excuses even the Anglican clergy from themselves leading their flocks to Rome? "Because if the note (or mark) of schism on the one hand lies against England, an antagonist disgrace lies upon Rome, the note of idolatry."† And wherein consists this idolatry? In "the modern honors" paid to the Blessed Virgin. Will you forgive me, my dear sir, if I think your learned and respected brethren of Oxford deceive themselves, if they imagine this is really all that keeps them from the Church of Rome? Idolatry is giving to creatures the worship that is due to God. Is there a catechism to be found in the farthest corner of her universal empire, orbis terrarum, from that of Trent down to the humblest bishops of our day, which does not deny and reject it with anathema? And for any honor short of what is due to God, will Mr. Newman himself refuse it to THE VIRGIN? I hardly can believe he will. As for me, O Mary, Mother of pure love, Mother of Him who only is pure Love, let my memory be torn for ever from its seat when I think of Jesus and cease to think of thee; when I remember His advent, and forget the inviolate cloister that did hide Him; when I remember His nativity, and forget the sacred breasts that gave Him milk or the blessed arms that folded Him; when I think of His words of life eternal, and forget her who first formed the lisping accents of that Voice Divine. Let my tongue cleave for ever to my jaws, when I find words of less than adoration too high to utter in her praises, who, lovely one, was exalted, so far above the rest of all God's creatures, to the spousals of the Holy Ghost. Let my knees be frozen stiff in death, when they love not to bend in reverence and worship to the Queen Mother of my Saviour and my God.

* Brit. Crit. LIX. 153.

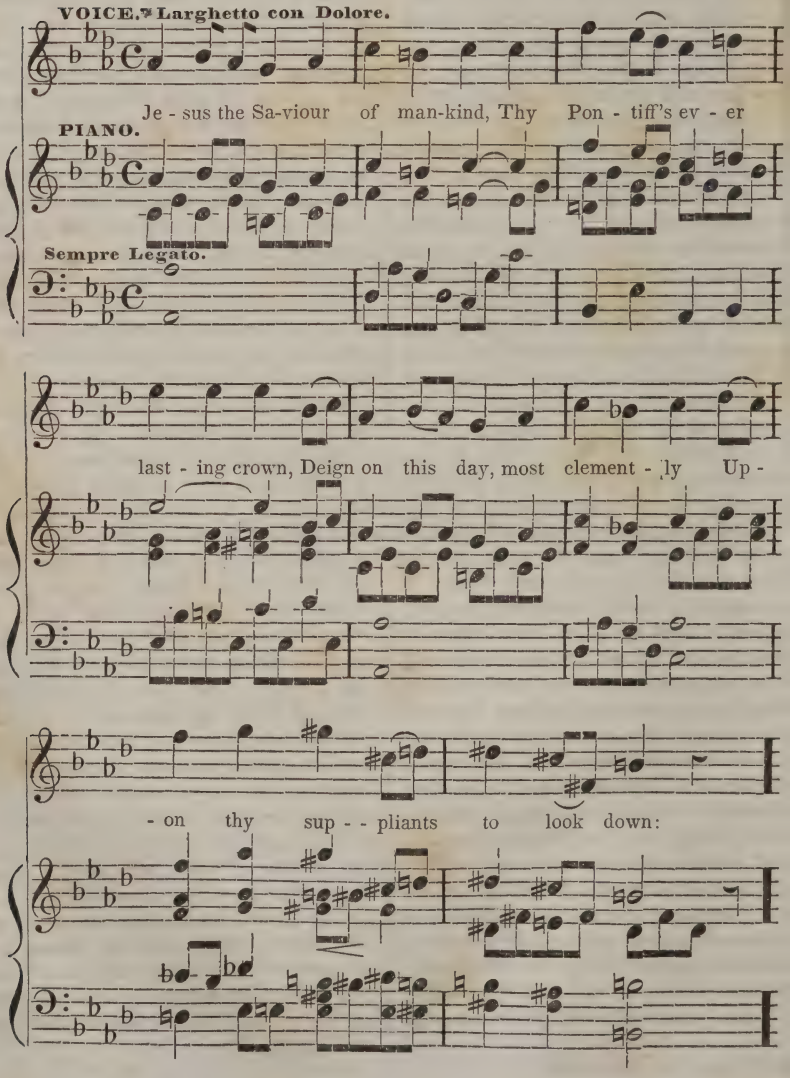
† Brit. Crit. LIX. 160.

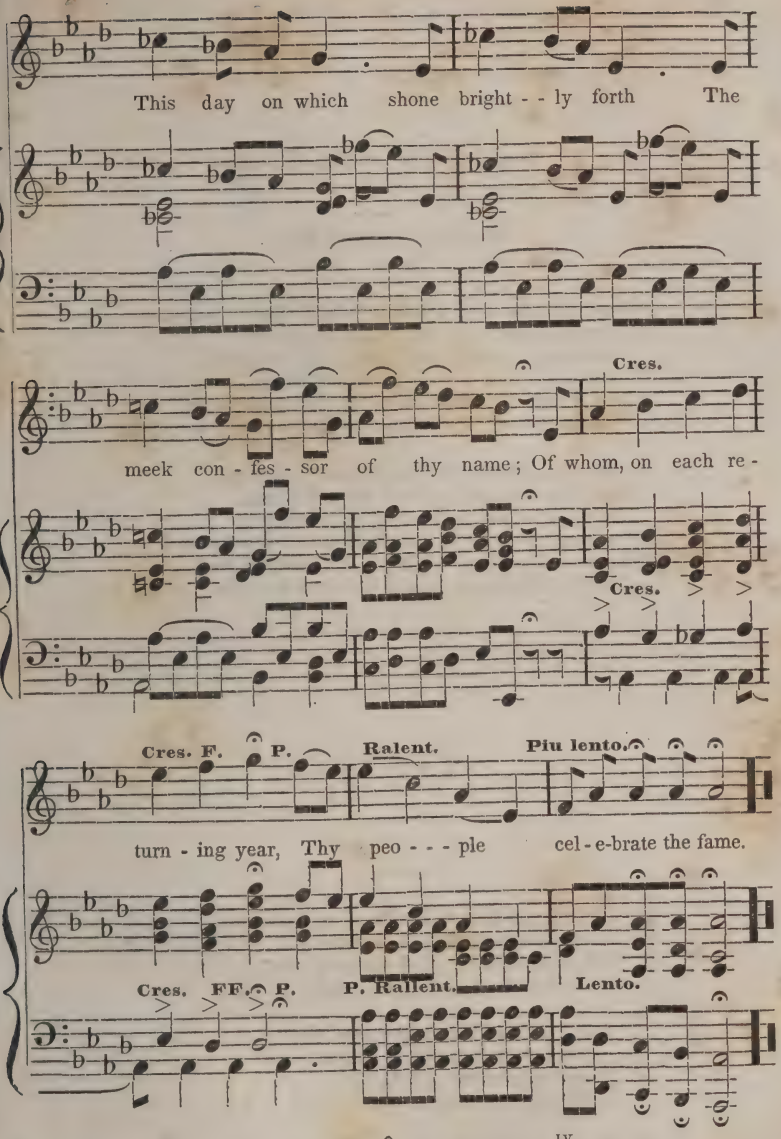
SACRED LYRICS.

NO. III. HYMN FOR A CONFESSOR.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

W. A. KING.


VOICE. Larghetto con Dolore.
Je - sus the Sa-viour of man-kind, Thy Pon - tiff's ev - er
PIANO.
Sempre Legato.
last - ing crown, Deign on this day, most clement - ly Up -
- on thy sup - - pliants to look down:


This day on which shone bright - - ly forth The
Cres.
meek con - fes - sor of thy name; Of whom, on each re -
Cres.
Cres. F. P.
Ralent.
Piu lento.
turn - ing year, Thy peo - - - ple cel - e-brate the fame.
Cres. FF. P.
P. Rallent.
Lento.

III.

Who, having all the hollow charms
Of life's fast-fleeting pleasures scorned,
Is now, amid the angels, with
An everlasting crown adorned.

IV.

Oh! grant most gracious Lord, that we
May in his footsteps follow on;
And through his intercession, break
The heavy chains that bind us down.

V.

To thee, Oh Jesus, King most meek,
And to the Father, glory be,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and for all eternity.

SACRED MELODY.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

When will the veil, oh God! which hides thee, now,
Be drawn aside from thy Almighty brow;
And when shall I, salvation's light behold?
Weary am I and worn with wandering,
Then when, oh! when shall my returning wing
'Mid heaven's bright land its languid plumage fold?

In this dark world the wicked one is strong,
His toils are spread around me and I long
To walk in peace thy spirit-land above;
Then hear my prayer, oh God! and summon back
The wanderer from his bleak and stormy track
To feel thy presence and to share thy love.

STANZAS.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away;
They melt in time's destroying tide
And cold are, while they stay.

But joys that from the gospel flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of wo
Shine forth with sweetest light.

The gospel's ray no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure
Though tempests round him roll.

His heart may break with sorrows stroke
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamond's shining when they're broke,
The gospel lights it still.

Engraved for the Catholic Expositor.

RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.

Coadjutor to the Bishop of New-York.

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